

Hollywood

A Fawcett Publication



JULY

35

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5¢

FORMERLY

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Natural
Color
Photograph
of
ANN
SOTHERN
See Page 8

THE STORY WALLACE BEERY HAS NEVER TOLD



The handiest daily
Beauty Exercise is **DOUBLE MINT**
gum. Enjoy it whenever and
wherever you want to. The result is
immediate—more life and
loveliness to your
eyes and lips.



"BARBAROUS!" Says GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BEAUTY EDITOR
"INTELLIGENT!" Says YOUR OWN DENTIST



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"IT'S worse than a blunder, it's a social crime," exclaimed the Director of the new Good Housekeeping Beauty Clinic. "That girl," she went on, "is headed for social suicide."

But dentists looked at it differently.

"An excellent picture," was their general comment. "It's a graphic illustration of a point we dentists are always seeking to drive home. If all of us gave our teeth and gums more exercise on coarse, raw foods, many of our dental ills would disappear."

Time and again dental science has crusaded against our modern menus.

Coarse foods are banned from our tables for the soft and savory dishes that rob our gums of work and health. Gums grow lazy...sensitive...tender! It's no wonder that "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"!

For unheeded, neglected — "pink tooth brush" may mean serious trouble—even gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease.

Follow your dentist's advice. Brush

your teeth regularly with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then, each time, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana and massage help restore your gums to healthy firmness. Do this regularly and the chances are you'll never be bothered with "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

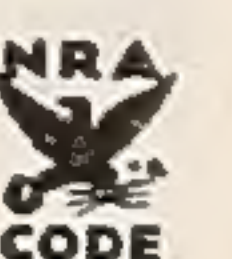
Use the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy a full-size tube of Ipana and get a full month of scientific dental care and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

IPANA and Massage
mean
Sparkling Teeth
and **Healthy Gums**



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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____

Street _____

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NOW THAT I HAVE YOU...THERE'LL BE *No More Ladies*



An airy love bandit "swears off" the ladies when he meets his heart's desire — only to forget all about his promise the minute her back is turned! He's permanently cured of his roving eye — and the way it's done makes "No More Ladies" the season's gayest romance! Joan and Bob are at their very best in roles perfectly suited to them — while Charlie Ruggles, Franchot Tone and Edna May Oliver add to the merriment.... Another delightful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, perfectly adapted from New York's laughing stage hit.

Joan
CRAWFORD • MONTGOMERY
Robert
in NO MORE LADIES

with CHARLIE RUGGLES....FRANCHOT TONE....EDNA MAY OLIVER
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture....Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

JACK SMALLEY,
Managing Editor

Hollywood

W. H. FAWCETT,
Publisher

JULY, 1935

Edited in Hollywood

Vol. 24 No. 7

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by Edwin Bower Hesser

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Today in Hollywood

● **TRAGEDY STRUCK TWICE** at Toby Wing when Jackie Coogan, often named her best friend, was injured in the auto accident that cost the elder Coogan his life, and three days later her father, Captain Paul Wing, crashed in a transport plane eastbound to film *Annapolis Farewell*. Toby's beautiful sister Pat (Mrs. W. Haggin-Perry) is seriously ill.

● **DON'T** blame MYRNA LOY for walking out of *Masquerade*; she had a salary raise coming to her. But when LUISE RAINER (see page 66) stepped in to take her place opposite WILLIAM POWELL, Myrna let herself in for some stiff competition. It may result in a new star team. "When you walked out, honey, some one else . . ."

● **GET** rich quick schemes always dazzle Hollywood. The latest is the chain letter gag which has flooded the postoffice with mail. You have to spend ten cents as your part of the chain, the theory is you get back, from the widening chain, a thousand dollars. The stars are no pikers. Their chains call for a dollar apiece!

● **AT LEAST** six hundred Hollywood kiddies were broken-hearted when SHIRLEY TEMPLE got the sniffles and the doctor wouldn't let Shirley celebrate her sixth birthday with a big party. No one enjoyed the party she had last year more than the little hostess.

● **JACK OAKIE** joins the exclusive club of Picture Snatchers with his performance in *Call of the Wild*. Pretty good when a guy can steal honors from a St. Bernard, CLARK GABLE, Mt. Baker, LORETTA YOUNG and REGINALD OWEN. Jack took his mother to the preview, and was Mother Offield pleased!

● **ADD** Hollywood heartbreaks: CLARK WILLIAMS, striding splendidly toward bigger things after his work in *Transient Lady* with GENE RAYMOND, did an even better job with HENRY HULL in *The Werewolf of London*—only to have it dumped on the cutting room floor for the sake of brevity. That's Hollywood!

Mae West's Husbands

● **CANNY** observers, noting the imminent release of curvesome Mae West's new film, *Goin' to Town*, and

a sudden nation-wide uproar regarding a long-lost husband, might have suspected that there was a nigger in the oft-mentioned woodpile.

If some suspected a publicity stunt, they were doubtless close to the truth—as Mae herself declared when the stories mounted and expanded into a veritable deluge of husbands and rumors of husbands.

The usually good-natured Mae is authority No. 1 for labeling the blast about Frank Wallace being her husband as sheer bunk.

"I've got a sense of humor," Mae sighed, shifting into high-gear conversation, "and nobody can say I haven't. But this thing is going too far. It's a lousy publicity stunt, that's what it is."

"First there's a guy named Wallace—then there's another guy named Wallace, and then a fellow down in Texas, all of whom advance the notion that they were united in wedlock with me. That makes nine this year, all told."

Mae tried just denying all rumors with a pleasant grin at first when someone allegedly found a marriage license bearing her name and that of Frank Wallace. The scene was Milwaukee, the date 1911, when Mae by her own statement was still "too young to get married." [Continued on page 7]



Paul Cavanagh and Mae West—"Husbands" popped from the past.

with a song in her heart



she brings you a Melodramatic Musical Romance!

Glorious

Grace Moore

in her new picture

LOVE ME FOREVER

Dream... live... love... in the spell of her magic voice... as divine Grace Moore forsakes "One Night of Love" for her newest and greatest entertainment!

LEO CARRILLO • ROBERT ALLEN

Screen play by Jo Swerling and Sidney Buchman

Directed by Victor Schertzinger

A Columbia Picture

NEWS

Judith Allen marries again—Rudy Vallee packs a wicked wallop to the jaw—The prizefight party proves something of a thrill

(Continued from page five)

Mae admits the publicity gag would have been all right if it had gone no further, but the repercussions swept her off her *sang froid* for the first time since she began inviting the folks to come on up and see her sometime. In the first place, Frank Wallace, a bald, middle-aged hoofer in New York, joined in the uproar by announcing that it was he who wed the fair Mae in Milwaukee.

Of course, he admits, Mae wasn't a blonde in those days. She was a classy brunette with ideas about the stage—just 16 when she joined his troupe in 1909. (That would make her 42 now, but never mind that!)

To Mae's rescue came Ollie Keely, an old-time gentleman acrobat who trouped with Mae West 24 years ago: "The Mae West married in Milwaukee wasn't the movie Mae West, because she was on the same bill as my act and I know."

Other statistics: In a 1927 New York court appearance records show Mae testified she was "married" . . . Mae says she never was in Milwaukee until a short time ago . . . theater workers insist she was there with sister Beverly West in 1915 . . . Broadway tattlers say the original Frank Wallace died several years ago . . . and declare he claimed the title of Mr. Mae West . . . Hollywood publicity agents mark it down as an example of how things will get out of hand, doggone it . . .

JUDITH ALLEN pulled a fast one on the news hawks by slipping off to Tijuana with Jack Doyle, Irish prizefighter, and taking the vows. Judith had told the columnists that it would be several months before the big event. Her new husband has been rated by Jack Dempsey as a heavyweight with possibilities. Judith's first matrimonial companion was Gus Sonnenberg, one of the outstanding gentlemen in the wrestling industry.

Rudy Burns Up

MAYBE RUDY VALLEE saw Bing Crosby's new picture, *Mississippi*, and maybe he didn't. Fans who did see the film will recall that Bing, during an act aboard the show boat, leaped from the stage and staged a wild battle with the villain who didn't like his offering.

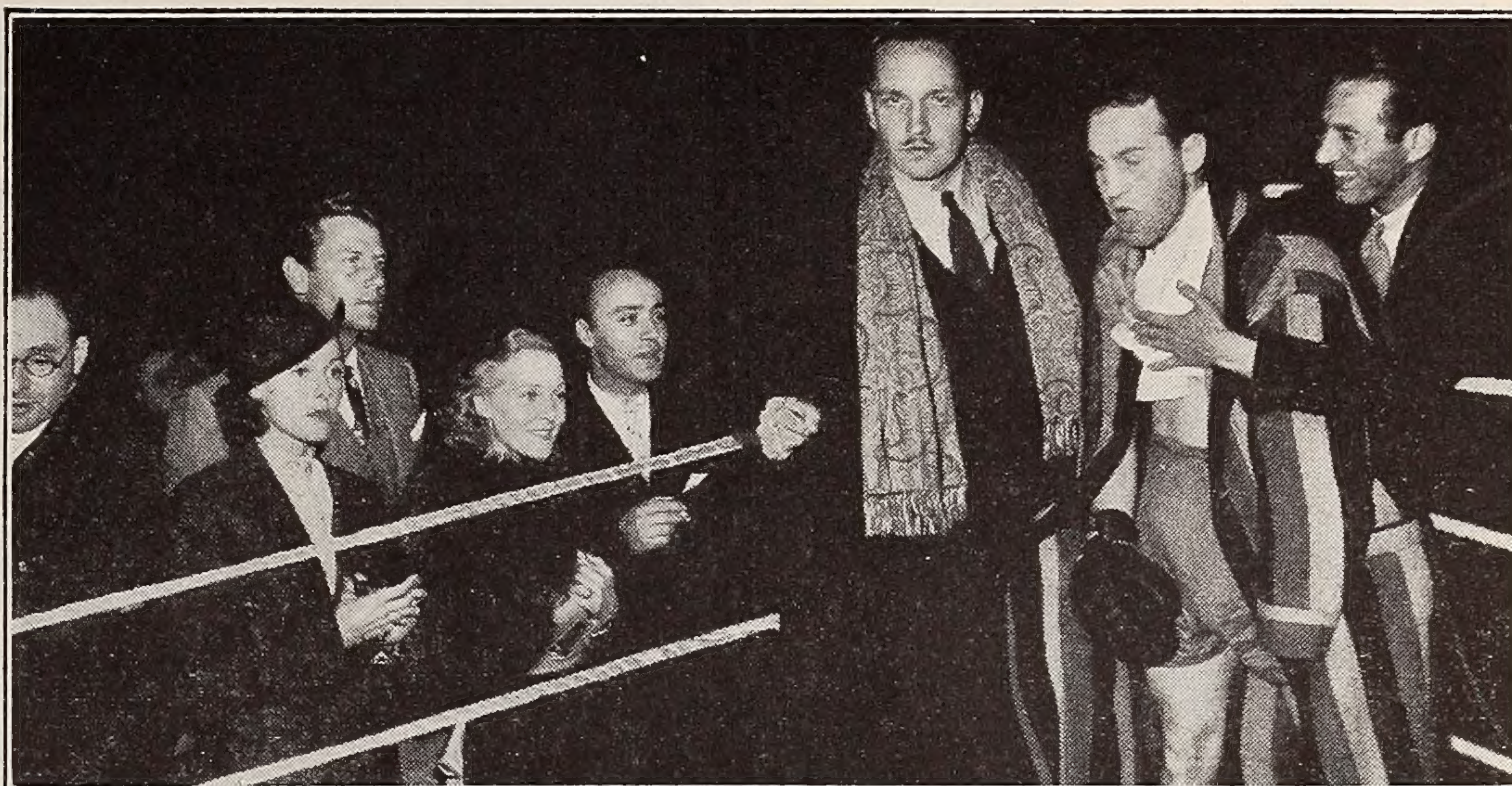
Of similar nature was a disturbance one night when Rudy and his orchestra were playing before eight thousand spectators. Someone kept throwing pennies on the stage. Rudy became incensed. He warned the man once, and warned him twice. But when the pennies continued to plink on the stage, he dived into the audience and landed a smart uppercut on his tormentor.

The surprised victim hurriedly left the hall, rubbing his jaw tenderly. Rudy continued the performance.

"It's all in the game," he commented.

The Countess Gave a Party

FILMLAND'S MOST SENSATIONAL party in a long, long time got off to a smashing



"Then give him one with your right," Fredric March tells Tommy Herman at the boxing matches staged by Countess di Frasso. Interested onlookers: Frances Dee, Joel McCrea, Charles Boyer, and Pat Paterson, all betting on Herman

start just as the celebrities, all wearing formal clothes, trooped into the home of Countess Dorothy di Frasso.

In a darkened hall there suddenly resounded a torrent of harsh words, then fists began to fly. The principals obviously were professional pugilists. Some of the more timid film notables uncereemoniously ran for doors, stairways, and anything else handy.

Then the Countess appeared on the scene and the fighting ceased abruptly. Clark Gable, who was an eye witness, had already discovered that the fight was just a "gag" when the Countess revealed the true status of things and led the guests into the garden.

A curtain was pulled back, revealing a regulation prizefight ring. Gable and Fredric March acted as seconds for two of the fighters whose sole audience was a group of very famous film stars.

After the fights were over, the guests were calmed by classical music.

JUST WHAT happened to cause blows between Grant Withers and Joe Benjamin, an ex-pugilist, is still a deep secret. The trouble started in a night club. Withers was said to have left abruptly with Benjamin following close after. Joe Egli, an assistant casting director, gave the only eye witness version—with a black eye as evidence. Egli said Benjamin followed Withers to his apartment where the battle began. Before Egli could break it up, considerable damage had been done by both men. Discreet silence followed the encounter.

THEY WERE DISCUSSING the art of acting. Mrs. Pat Campbell, regal at seventy, with years of theatre tradition resting like a mantle about her ample shoulders, listened quietly. One blonde young thing, not quite sure of her ground, thought she would play safe. "George Arliss is my idea of an actor," she contributed. Mrs. Pat bristled. "Mr. Arliss," she

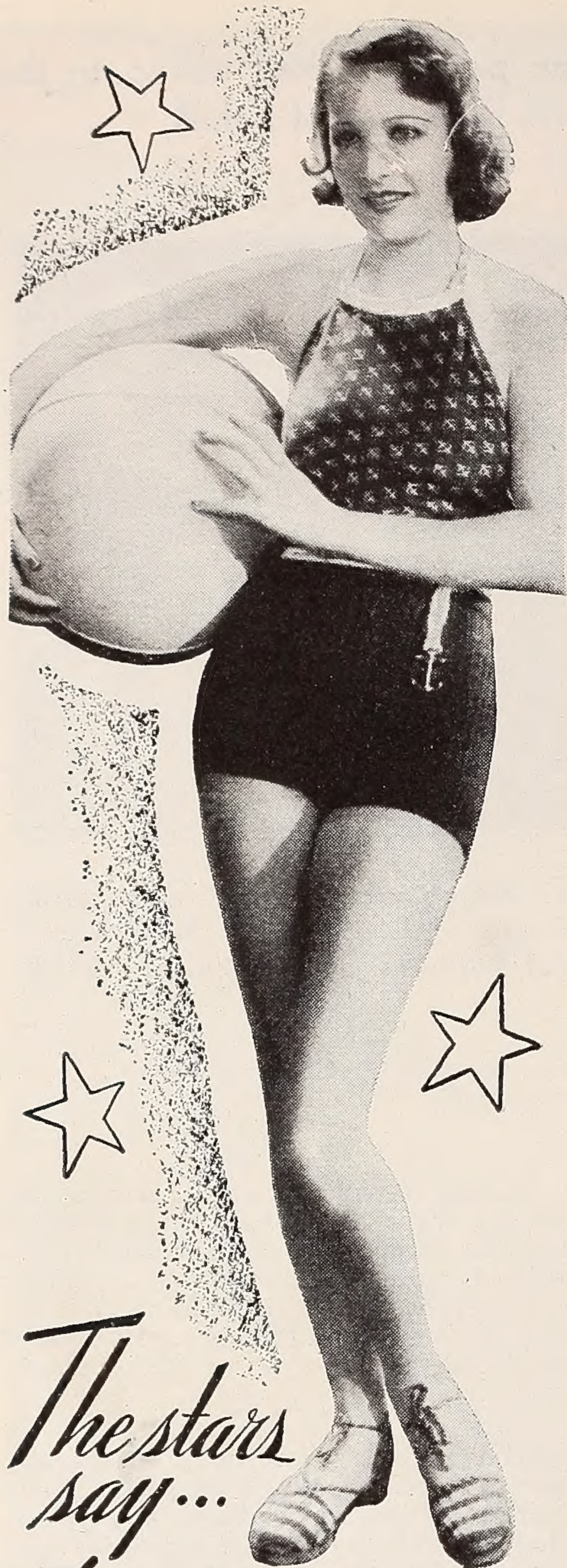
stormed, "Mr. Arliss doesn't act . . . he behaves!"

MARION DAVIES was one of four sisters present when her father, Judge Bernard Douras, succumbed at his home in Los Angeles. Judge Douras was for many years a prominent jurist in New York before he went west to retire. He was 82 at his death.

MARY PICKFORD and Buddy Rogers have started the romance talk again by visiting Marion Hollins at her Santa Cruz place. Buddy said he went there to see her polo ponies; Mary to enjoy the view. Miss Hollins does have a snoozy bunch of horses on the property.



Mother Oakie and Jack at the preview of "Call of the Wild." He nearly stole the picture . . . the fans all cheered



*The stars
say...*
Banda-WIKIES

... IRENE WARE, former Miss America and lovely star of Universal's "Rendezvous at Midnight" ... adopts Banda-WIKIES to make her bewitching on summer sands!

As photographed, Miss Ware wears Gantner Banda-WIKIES ... the silvery anchors firmly knit in ... the bandana high-as-your-chin in front—in back, low as a back can be!

Totally unexpected and ultra-smart are waffle weave WIKIES trunks ... gay and giddy with cord and anchor belt!

Cruiser Blue, Turquoise, Dahlia Red, Titian Brown, Dahlia Yellow & Coral, \$6.50. At smart stores everywhere. Or write, giving bust measure and weight. (Other Gantner suits \$3.95 to \$7.50. Style book upon request.)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. Y
San Francisco or 1410 Broadway, New York

GANTNER KNIT TO FIT
Banda-WIKIES
GARMENT PATENTED. TRADE MARK REG.

NEWS

Jean Harlow offers her eighteen room cottage for sale and thinks of free lance days—May Robson has a birthday party



She's spritely at 70 . . . Cora Sue Collins, May Robson, Jean Parker, Jean Harlow, Freddie Bartholomew

Cottage For Sale

AWAKENED to the uncertainties of a screen career, Jean Harlow is putting her affairs in order and revamping the plans for her future—plans that provide for a continuance of her current state of single-blessedness.

The eighteen-room Colonial mansion Jean built on a Beverly Glen hilltop just before her ill-fated marriage to Hal (Cameraman) Rosson, has been placed on the market, and, when it is sold, Jean will lease a much smaller house.

WHEN MAY ROBSON celebrated her seventieth birthday on the set, actors and technicians alike joined in a surprise party.

After the party, Miss Robson continued a round of social activities that astounded even her close friends, who knew something of her unusual vitality. Pep, says Miss Robson, is largely a frame of mind, and she has hers securely framed.

Our New Covers

● HOLLYWOOD sees natural color films as the coming thing; HOLLYWOOD Magazine keeps pace with natural color covers. Our first, this lovely study of Ann Sothern, is a product of the Hessercolor process, invented by Edwin Bower Hesser, whose camera studies of leading Hollywood stars were ranked of first importance in the colony before he deserted portraiture in favor of color work.

Quite fitting that a new step forward be illustrated with a new star, the editors of HOLLYWOOD Magazine selected Columbia's blonde favorite.

Miss Sothern, musical comedy star of Broadway, changed her name from Harriette Lake to become film famous. She was born in Valley City, North Dakota, educated in Minneapolis and the University of Washington.

Other data: birthday January 2, 1909; height, five feet two, weight 112.



Judith Allen seals a two-fisted romance with Jack Doyle. They're honeymooning . . .

HOLLYWOOD

*"I want my sleep to be
beauty sleep — so I never let stale
cosmetics choke my pores all night"*



says **CAROLE LOMBARD**

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that trouble begins — tiny blemishes appear — enlarging pores — even black-heads, perhaps.

**Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way**

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, always remove cosmetics *thoroughly* the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap has an ACTIVE lather that sinks

deep into the pores, safely removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day — ALWAYS before you go to bed at night — use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made *their* beauty care for years.





Leave it to us, Lady

we'll tell your **MAN** about **MUM**

THAT'S too bad, now—to have *this*, of all things, come between you and that man who is "practically perfect" about everything else.

We'll tell you something. A lot of men are like that—far too many. Great fellows, most of them, but they haven't learned the facts of life about this perspiration business.

Just leave it to us. We'll fix it.

Send us his name and address on the coupon below, and we'll send him something that will make him absolutely proof against underarm odor.

We'll send him a sample of Mum, the instant cream deodorant that so many men use who have learned that their daily shower won't protect them.

We'll tell him all about Mum—how it takes no time at all to use, is harmless to clothing, soothing to skin, doesn't prevent perspiration itself—just its ugly odor. And how soothing it is to burning, perspiring feet and how it destroys every trace of odor.

Just *his* name and address on the coupon below—not *yours*.

Will he be grateful?
He'll be looking for
someone to thank!



**TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION**

Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. 6-A
74 West St., New York

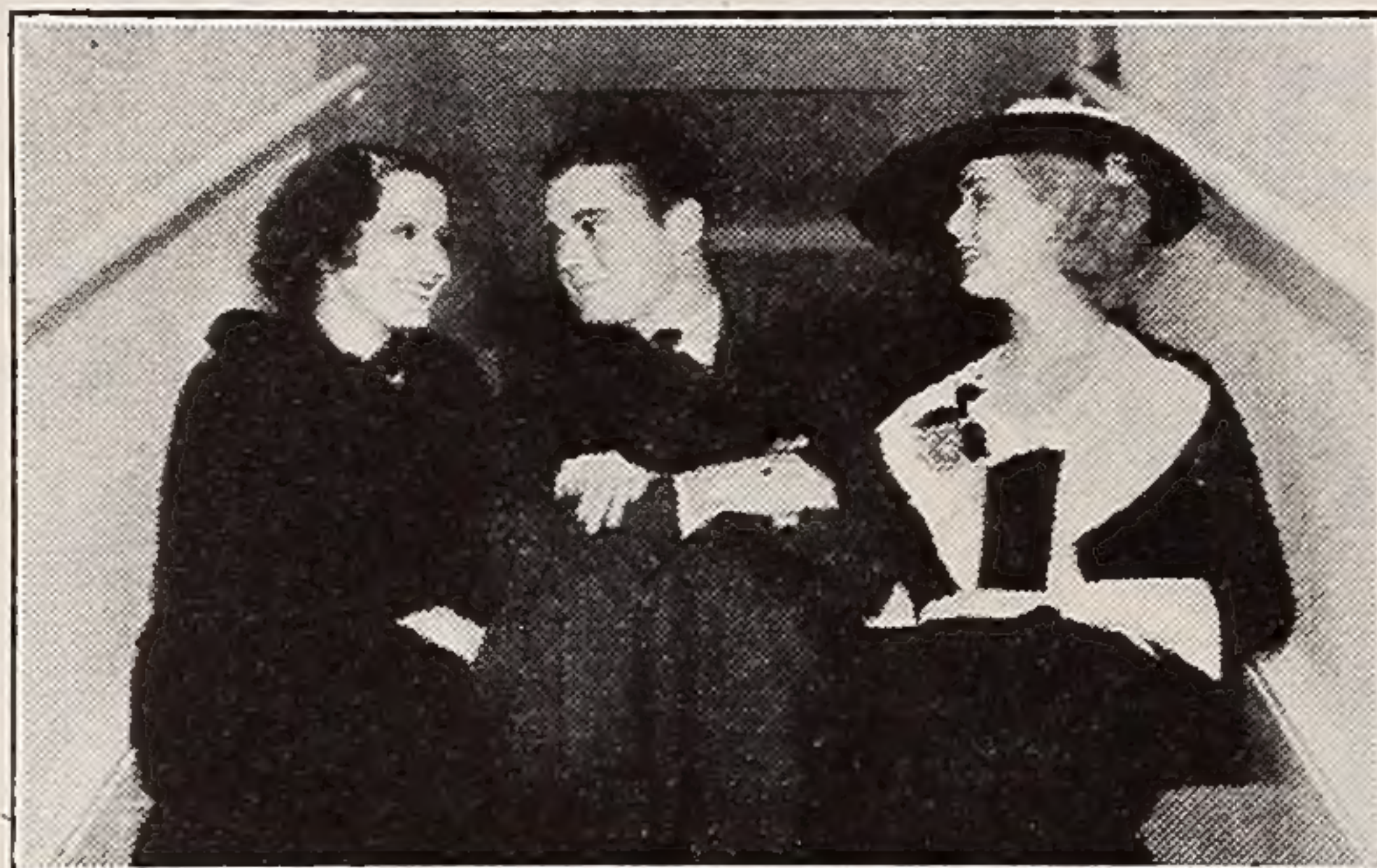


Please send sample package of Mum, free, to

Name

Address

Heart Beats and Skips



Anita Louise is Tom Brown's present heart interest, but as long as Anita wears such a big hat, Tom's bound to seem closer to June Martel, on his right



Frances Drake may smile at the camera all day, but when warm summer evenings roll around she saves the best ones for Henry Wilcoxon and the Trocadero



PITTER PATTER

Richard Cromwell and Mary Carlisle, the blonde giggle-girl, are among the most devoted of the Hollywood junior set.

• •

Nick Foran heard of Rochelle Hudson's blast against her home town (Claremore, Okla.) and insisted on meeting a girl who knew how to speak her own mind. Now they are billing and cooing.

• •

Troubled waters have all been smoothed out by Lyle Talbot and Peggy Waters, who are pals once again.

• •

The night spots continue to lure Jean Harlow and William Powell, who make one of the most presentable looking couples on the boulevard.

• •

June Knight, who until recently was Mrs. Paul Ames, is waltzing to sweet music with Tommy Lee, young business leader who fell heir to a west coast radio network.

• •

Merle Oberon, who swept into Hollywood fame with one movement and is soon to appear in Samuel Goldwyn's *The Dark Angel*, is broadcasting heartbeats to David Niven, socialite Britisher who makes his American debut in the same film.



BELL RINGERS

The spring flurry to Yuma, Arizona, where there is no three day marriage notice law, slumped sharply these last few weeks and the matrimonial agencies have been anything but busy. Nevertheless:

Rosita Moreno, the Spanish actress, took the vows with Mel Shauer.

Eddie Foy, Warners dance director, married Eleanore Bagley.



BLESSED EVENTS

The stork hasn't been quite as active as usual, this month in Hollywood but he did light on the rooftop of Guy Kibbee and his wife and brought their second child.

• •

Away from Hollywood but remembered by her fans for her never-to-be-forgotten rôle in *Peter Pan*, in which she played the title rôle, Miss Betty Bronson, now Mrs. Lauerhauss welcomed the stork at her home in the South.

• •

Passing out fancy cigars with elaborate labels at Warner Brothers lot was Mervyn Le Roy, the director, marking the arrival in his menage of a sturdy youngster, Mervyn Jr.



BUSTED EVENTS

After several years of marriage during which they seemed supremely happy and while one child was born, Mary Astor and Dr. Franklin Thorpe have decided to call it quits because of incompatibility. That's what they told the judge but we know DIFFERENT!

• •

Ned Sparks and his lovely wife are pfttt! She told the judge that he reminded her of an alum cocktail at home, just as he does his audiences on the screen and that she was tired of living with a man who had forgotten how to laugh. The judge took one look at sour-puss Ned and said Ok.

• •

John Barrymore and his lovely wife Dolores are not divorced but he sent word from his yacht, in which he is cruising the world for Dolores to vacate their mansion in Hollywood. Looks serious.

HOLLYWOOD

GLORIFY THE

Natural Beauty

OF YOUR HAIR



GLEND A FARRELL
Warner Bros.' Star in
"IN CALIENTE"



PERC WESTMORE

Nationally famous hair stylist at Warner Bros. Studios, says:—
Every woman who values the natural beauty of her hair
should demand the protection offered by the DUART sealed
package of pads.

When the operator breaks the DUART seal you *know* the
pads used on your hair have never been used before.

**FREE BOOKLET
SEND COUPON**



DUART

Choice of the Hollywood Stars



*With the new SEALED
Permanent Wave
—just as the screen stars do!*

HAVE you ever wished that your hair could have the
glorious natural beauty that gives such glamour and
allure to your favorite star? Thanks to DUART, your
wish *can* come true. You can have the same deep, soft,
lustrous waves, dainty ringlets and smart attractive
style of hairdress you have so often admired on the
screen. For DUART WAVES, the choice of the Holly-
wood Stars, are available right in your own commu-
nity. DUART waving pads are sealed in individual
packages, for POSITIVE assurance that your hair will
be waved with the same genuine DUART materials
used in Hollywood. *Your* Package will be opened
before your own eyes. Look for the shop that adver-
tises DUART waves. Prices may vary with the style of
coiffure desired and the artistic reputation of the
operator.

Remember, it is not a DUART wave unless the pads
come in the red and green SEALED package.

FREE BOOKLET
shows how to dress your hair like a
Movie Star

Twenty-four pictures of famous stars showing how
their hair is dressed. Hollywood's most noted hair
stylist, Perc Westmore, has designed exclusively for
Duart, a series of smart new star's coiffures. With this
24-page instruction booklet your hairdresser can copy
them for you. Sent FREE with one 10 cent package of
Duart Hair Rinse. NOT a dye. NOT a bleach—just a
beautiful tint. Use Coupon.

Duart, 984 Folsom Street, San
Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find
10 cents; send me shade of rinse
marked and copy of your book-
let, "Smart New Coiffures."
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black | <input type="checkbox"/> Henna | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Reddish | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Titian | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Gray | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> (Platinum) | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |

Previewing New Pictures



Huge sets, vast throngs, melodrama characterize "SHE," with cast including Helen Gahagan, Randolph Scott, Helen Mack, Nigel Bruce

SHE (RKO)—Spectacle-loving Merian C. Cooper outdoes all previous efforts in producing this fantastic adventure-mystery-spectacle, taken from the famous H. Rider Haggard novel of the same name. Made on the largest set ever constructed on the RKO lot, depicting a mythical kingdom entirely different from anything ever seen on earth, and including such spectacles as a full-sized avalanche, the picture is one of the most elaborate since *The Lost World*.

When the production of *She* was first planned, it was decided to make it even more fantastic and amazing than the original novel. The script was written by scenarist Ruth Rose with many additional astounding details, and the setting of the story was changed from Africa to the polar wastes.

A staff of eight artists spent several weeks in sketching hundreds of scenes from which co-directors L. C. Holden and Irving Pichel selected the most astonishing. Set designers then went to work and used their imaginations to work out startling effects. Most unusual set is the Hall of Kings, which depicts an immense room formed inside a hollowed-out mountain. (See photo).

Haggard's novel described the queen of the kingdom of Kor as the most beautiful woman who ever lived. She was so beautiful, according to his book, that to look upon her face meant death. Obviously, the casting of any present-known actress in this rôle, would have been ineffective. Cooper, therefore, selected Helen Gahagan, operatic star, who was once described by Heywood Broun as "the ten most beautiful women in America rolled into one." This will be Miss Gahagan's



"Crusades" is dominated by power of mighty Henry Wilcoxon, who is Richard the Lion Hearted over again. Loretta Young plays his queen in this latest deMille epic

first screen appearance. Randolph Scott, also an operatic star (horse-operas), plays the male lead, with Helen Mack and Nigel Bruce.

Story centers around a mythical kingdom of immortals, situated in the polar wastes of Muscovy. In order to make the scenes really bizarre, the author decided to make the entire kingdom totally unlike anything ever seen on earth. Accordingly, studio imaginations were stretched to devise new costumes, new musical instruments, new types of furnishings, new games, and even a new language for the inhabitants of the mythical kingdom.

If you liked *King Kong*, don't miss this one.

THE CRUSADES (Paramount) — By far the most spectacular picture recently in production is Cecil B. deMille's *The Crusades*. Director deMille, as usual, has managed to collect the biggest props, the biggest sets, and the biggest mob scenes of the year in this film of the twelfth century Holy Wars. Facts and figures on the production are enough to stagger any studio business manager.

A large burden was taken off the shoulders of the national government when shooting started, as deMille cut the unemployment rolls by nearly ten thousand. Eight thousand extras were used, with the remaining two thousand persons handling the technical details of the picture. Nine months of research was done, twenty-five thousand people were interviewed, two hundred sets were designed, complete equipment for an army of a thousand men was provided, and sixteen assistant directors were hired before a single foot of film was shot. Nine weeks were taken for the actual shooting, during which 2,500 takes were made, using 300,000 feet of film in eight cameras.

The largest set used, covered over four acres. Fifteen hundred extras were employed in making the scene, with eight hundred horses. Four hundred giant carbon lights were used in lighting the set, using 14,800 amperes of electricity.

Two of the largest props ever used in a motion picture were built for the picture. They were a huge catapult and a traveling siege tower. The catapult contained eleven tons of wood and metal, and was over forty feet high. The siege tower weighed thirty-five tons, was five stories high, and carried a crew of one hundred men.

Other props used in the picture included five hundred wigs, weighing a total of 2,500 pounds; 1,500 costumes, requiring 18,000 yards of cloth; 1,000 helmets, 1,000 swords, 500 shields, 700 raw pelts, 1,750 yards of chain mail, 600 banners, and 8 falcons.

Miscellaneous items included 4,800 lbs. of nails, 350,000 feet of lumber, 200 tons of plaster, 160 bales of sound-proof fiber, and a stable for the horses.

Mrs. Kendall Lee Glaenzer member of the immortal Lee family of Virginia... noted for her beauty and talent—her reputation as a hostess in Paris and New York. Adores music. Has many friends among modern composers. Loves the outdoors and has a shooting box in the Adirondacks. Her sister is married to Rockwell Kent, famous artist.

ALL HERS...

The appointments of luxurious living—yet the beautiful Mrs. Glaenzer pays only 25¢ for her tooth paste

Certainly no mere price could be a factor in this charming woman's choice of Listerine Tooth Paste. She likes it and uses it for what it does. The quick, thorough way it cleans; the brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth.

"It gives my mouth a new-born feeling," said Mrs. Glaenzer in her lovely New York apartment, "and gives me a sense of well-being."

Literally thousands of men and women who can afford to pay any price for a tooth paste, have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste and stick to it. More than two million women and a million men are using this beauty and health aid made by the makers of famed Listerine.

If you have not tried it, do so

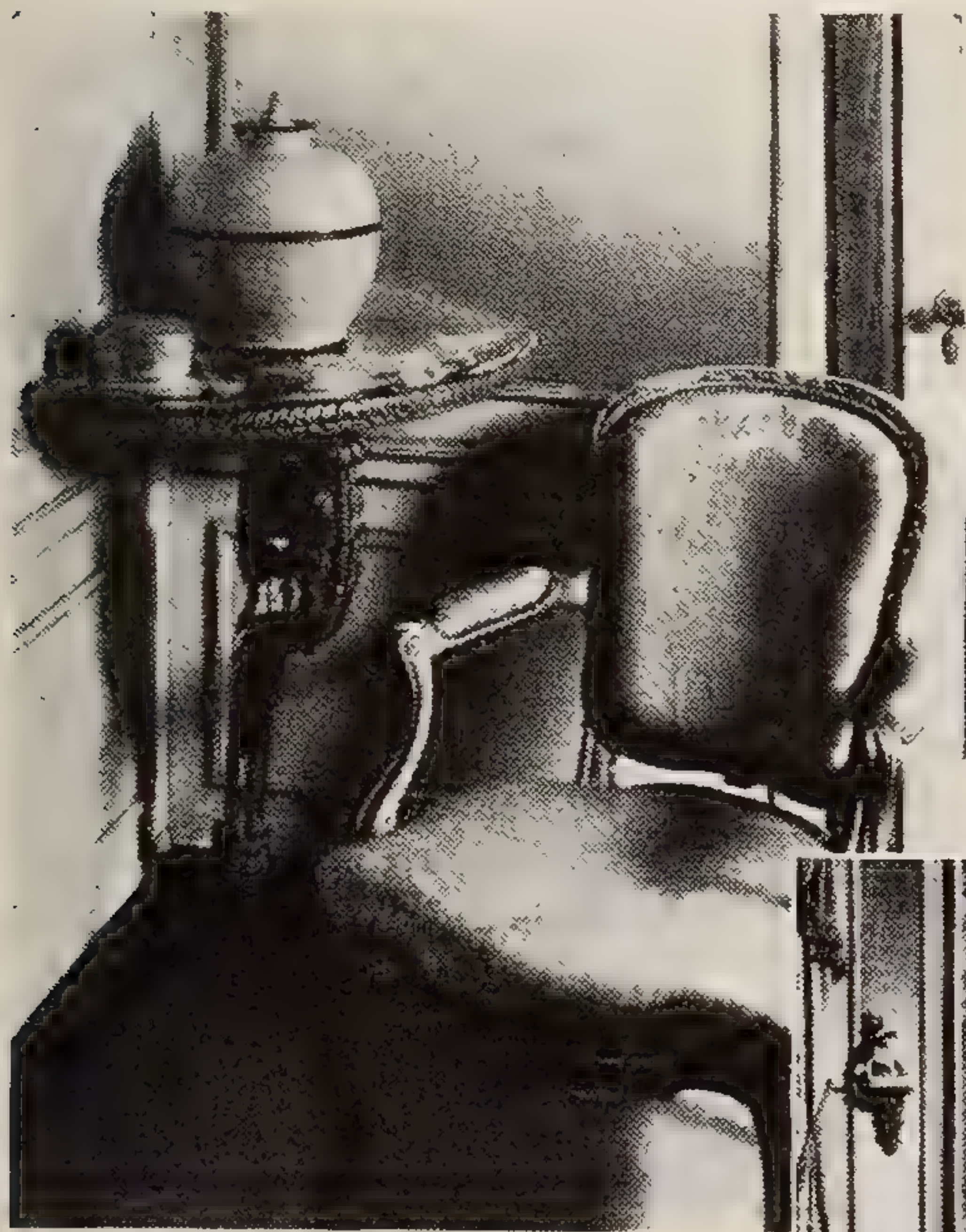
now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine TOOTH PASTE



Mrs. Glaenzer's 10-carat diamond ring and solid gold cigarette case given by Napoleon to a Russian princess, and her three diamond bracelets.



Corner console of the Louis XVI Period in Mrs. Glaenzer's apartment. Also Chinese crackle glaze porcelain jar from the Ming dynasty.

Rare Louis XV French commode. Behind it a rich Ming Period Chinese painting on silk, together with porcelain vase of the Chien Lung Period.

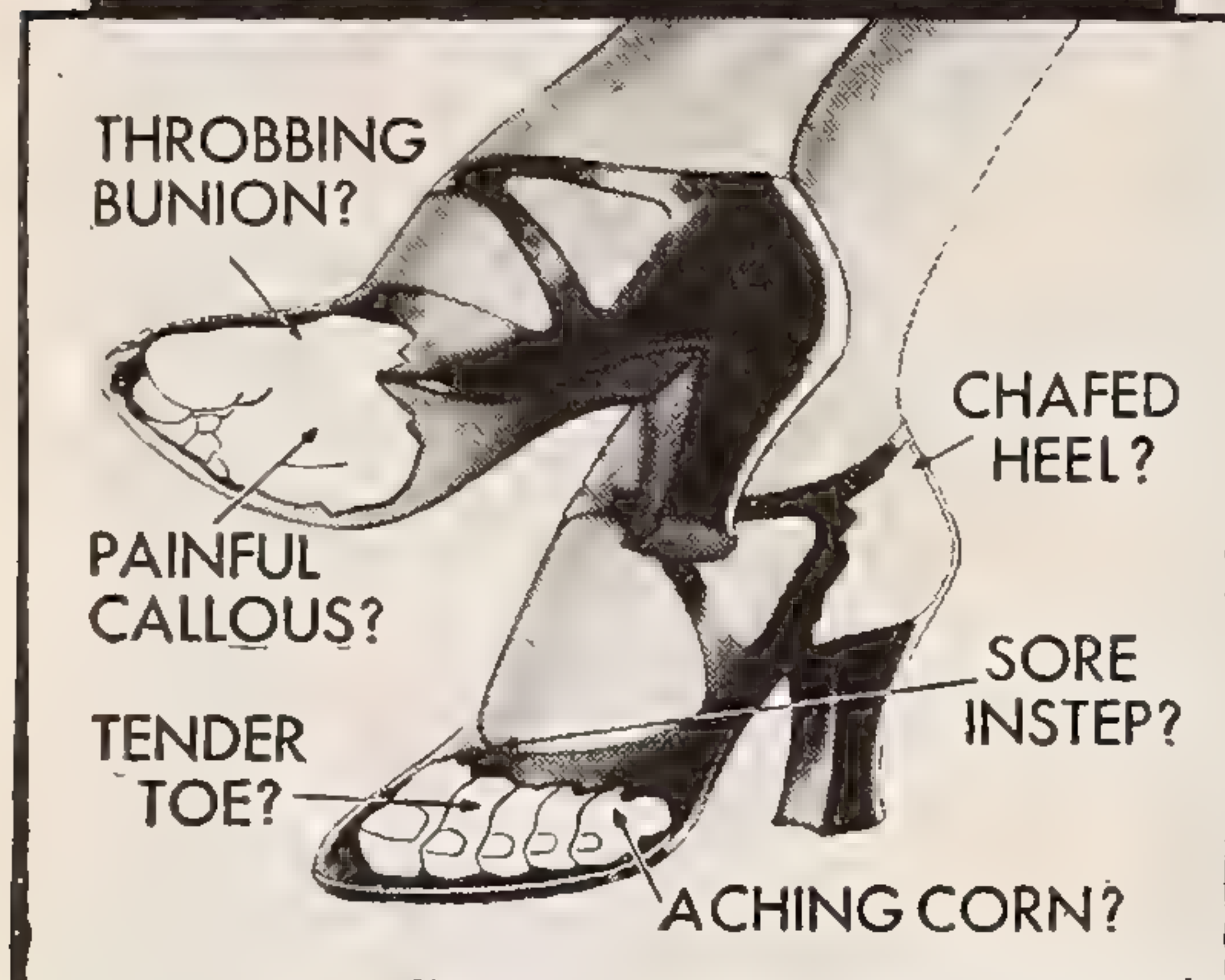


Rivaling Mrs. Glaenzer's ermine and silver fox evening wrap in grace and beauty, is her mink cape, constructed of beautifully matched skins, collected over a period of twenty years by a famed furrier.



Feet Hurt?

HERE IS THE SAFE,
QUICK, SURE RELIEF!



STOPS NAGGING PRESSURE OF NEW OR TIGHT SHOES!

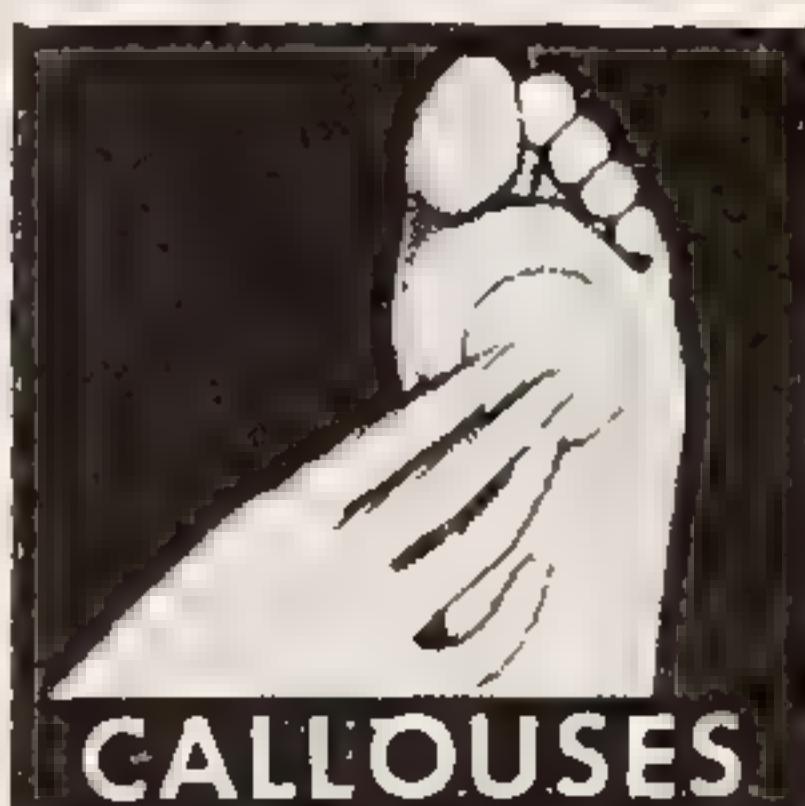
Imagine a relief so quick-acting that it ends the misery of painful corns, callouses, bunions, tender toes, chafed heels or sore insteps INSTANTLY! That is what Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do for you.

With these thin, soothing, healing, cushioning pads always handy, you will never have to suffer another moment's discomfort. Apply them wherever your shoes rub, press or pinch your feet or toes and you'll prevent corns, sore toes, tender spots or blisters, for Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop the cause—shoe friction and pressure.

REMOVES CORNS and CALLOUSES

If you have corns or callouses to remove, then use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks*, now included in every box. In a few days they will be soft and loose and lift right off. After that use the pads alone to keep off shoe pressure and friction.

Get this safe, sure, scientific, double-acting treatment today at your drug, department or shoe store.



NOW 2 KINDS

STANDARD WHITE now 25¢ | New DE LUXE flesh color . . . 35¢

**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

NEWS

Bill Powell's new gadgets open doors and gates—sometimes—Clara Bow appears—Death takes Ruby Keeler's younger sister



Separating, she left seclusion . . . Dolores Costello Barrymore, sister Helene dine at Cocoanut Grove (See page 10)

Words—Idle Words

DAPPER, DISTINGUISHED Bill Powell was bringing a number of friends to inspect his brand-new mansion.

"Now here is a fine feature about this house," Bill was explaining as the party approached the gates. "By means of my auto radio I can open the house doors and gates without the use of keys! All I do is say a certain set of words and the gates open. Then I say something else and the garage door opens . . . one more word and the side door opens . . . another and the front door is unlocked!"

William Haines, Jean Harlow, and the other guests watched Bill with interest as he turned on the radio to demonstrate.

He used the first words. The gate didn't open. He tried the words for the garage—nothing happened. The word for the side door didn't work—nor the word for the front door.

Smiling uncertainly, Bill explained that the words sometimes didn't work the first time. He tried them again.

Nothing happened.

He tried shouting. Then some new words—mule-driving words—but none of them worked.

Finally he woke up the servants who let him in.

Ruby's Sister Dies

TRAGEDY HIT the home of Ruby Keeler when her 19-year-old sister, Anna May Keeler, died after several month's illness. A few days before her death, Anna had gone to the hospital for a blood transfusion. And because she was a little afraid, she got Ruby to stay with her through the ordeal.

The funeral was held in the Blessed Sacrament Church with members of the family present. Al Jolson, Ruby's husband, was in New York when the end came.

The coffin rested in the shadow of a tall black cross during the church service. A blanket of roses and pansies, bearing Ruby's name, lay before the casket. Beside it was another of gardenias and orchids, the tribute of Al Jolson.

CLARA BOW has revived rumors of a film comeback by her numerous public appearances lately with husband Rex Bell. For the first time since the blessed event six months ago, Clara joined the ringside fans at the wrestling matches the other night.

CHARLES RAY, the favorite of many years ago, has been given a rôle in *Gentle Grifter* at the Fox lot. Many of the old-timers are trying to stage something of a comeback just now. Over at Paramount where they are filming Cecil De Mille's *The Crusades*, Clara Kimball Young and Helene Chadwick have atmosphere parts. Jack Mulhall also is reported to be hitting a good pace on the comeback trail.

HOLLYWOOD

ALLURING

"Lovely"... My Friends Told Me

"Lovelier every day"... I Could See for Myself

Now you, too, may have the captivating charm all girls desire. The fascinating appearance *your* friends will admire.

You have only to use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. For glorious hair, for smooth, peach-downy arms and legs.

1. BLONDES—if your hair is darkened, faded or streaked, Marchand's used as a rinse will secretly restore its former lightness and natural lustre.

2. BRUNETTES—lighten your hair any natural shade of bloneness you desire. Or impart fascinating highlights, a sparkling sheen to your dark hair.

3. BLONDE OR BRUNETTE—alluringly smooth arms and legs without risking "superfluous" hair removal. Whether on face, arms or legs, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will make "superfluous" hair unnoticeable, blended with your skin coloring. And give you, all over, that fresh, bright clean look so admired in sophisticated, well-groomed women.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package is waiting for you at your drug store. *Start* using it.

MARCHAND'S

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo — FREE — to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest, healthiest treatment you can give your hair. Guaranteed to remove every trace of stickiness. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charmingly alive. Send for your bottle today. →

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH,
251 West 19th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name.....

Address.....

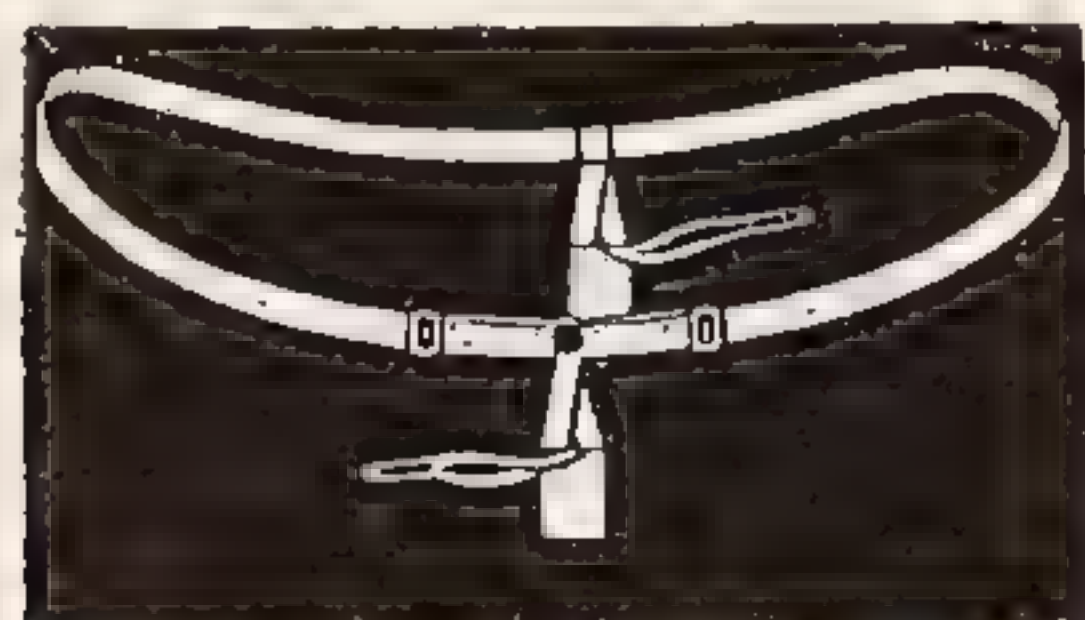
City..... State..... F.P. 735

Comfort...**WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST**



Silhouette belt by Hickory—STYLE 1300

The Silhouette Sanitary Belt by Hickory, by a patented process, is permanently woven to shape on the loom to make it conform perfectly to the figure. Silhouette cannot bind, curl, irritate or slip. You'll find it delightfully soft, light-weight, comfortable and dainty, yet dependably secure. Its easy-stretch, fine quality Lastex wears and wears. Can be boiled, washed, ironed—65c



STYLE 1340

The Hickory Petite—adjustable—narrow boilproof Lastex; Satin Pads, perfectly comfortable and secure 35c



STYLE 1387

A popular Hickory Shield Button Style—combination satin and boilproof Lastex 50c

Sanitary Belts by

HICKORY

Made in a wide variety of styles 25c to 75c

If your dealer hasn't the Hickory Belt you want, send us his name with your remittance. Please state style and desired size: small, medium or large

A. STEIN & COMPANY
1157 W. Congress St. Chicago

You'll like HICKORY DRESS SHIELDS, too



Here IS good news. Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire dance again and this is the first still from their first number in "Top Hat"

Our Readers Write

But write or wrong, our readers

PRIZES are awarded every month to the contributors to this department. There are two first prizes of ten dollars each to the writers of the two best letters which, if addressed to a player, will also bring you a personal answer from the individual star. These ten dollar letters are indicated on this page by

The two next best letters win five dollars each and are marked Five more letters will bring our check for a dollar each and are indicated by . . Duplicate prizes are awarded in case of a tie and the editor of HOLLYWOOD will be the sole judge. The right is reserved to print all or any part of the letters received.

Have we heard from you? Address: Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Shearer Is An Inspiration

. . . . Dear Norma Shearer:

After seeing you in the *Barretts of Wimpole Street*, I took a new lease on life. While I am not an invalid like Elizabeth Barrett, I have been sick for many years and had just about come to the conclusion that there was no brightness in the world—nothing but darkness, suffering and despair. Thank you for changing my views and helping me to see the "light."

When you temporarily deserted the screen a few years ago, when your popularity was at its height, to take a year's vacation with your ailing husband, I got a glimpse into your pure, unselfish soul. I saw in you far more than the flighty, ultra-modern which you had so effectively and successfully portrayed on the screen.

Sometime later, I read an article titled: "Life Begins At Thirty," written by you, which was an inspiration in itself. Your

views on love and a career are as intelligent and beautiful as yourself—the rich philosophy of a soul of courage and wisdom. You are rightfully acclaimed the "First Lady of the Screen."

You are as great a woman as an actress, Norma, and I am indeed grateful that I have had the privilege of being blessed with the richness of your magnificent portrayals and the wonderful messages you have given me through your inspiring articles.

I wish you every happiness and blessing in this new venture into motherhood for which you have left the screen and shall be eagerly awaiting your return.

Louise Williams,
1007 West Grace St.,
Richmond, Va.

May Robson, Grand Old Girl

. . . . Dear May Robson:

I wonder if you know how much your picture, *Grand Old Girl* meant to the thousands of high school pupils who witnessed that wonderful picture. I shall try to tell you, in my poor freshman way, what it meant to me.

It gave me an opportunity to see school life from the teacher's point of view; I could better understand the problems that face every school teacher; it opened my eyes to the wisdom of obedience, and instilled a desire to do my part toward making school life pleasanter for all concerned.

Grand Old Girl was a lesson, entertainingly told—a lecture, pictorially delivered. And I, for one, saw it three times. If our local theatre had shown it seven days longer, I would have seen it seven more times, for I learned something new

HOLLYWOOD

every time it was flashed upon the screen. I hope to see more of your acting. For, to me, you are the most human and most beautiful of all actresses. You portrayed a beauty in *Grand Old Girl* that will never die, the beauty of the soul.

Beth Ellen Anfinson,
Box 416,
Hettinger, N. D.

Don't Say Goodbye, Helen

• • • Dear Helen Hayes:

I have just read your letter to Louella Parsons explaining why you are leaving Hollywood and the screen. I am using *HOLLYWOOD Magazine* as a medium to tell you I am both glad and sorry.

GLAD, because your late pictures have done you an absolute injustice, and as fickle as we movie-going fans are (Oh! yes, I admit it), should you remain in Hollywood, continuing to play the rôles that have been your lot in the past months, we might forget your superb acting in such pictures as *The Sin of Madelon Claudette*, *Farewell to Arms*, and many others.

SORRY, because the cinema world will never again have the supreme pleasure of witnessing such performances as you gave in the *White Sister*, *Arrowsmith* and the two pictures mentioned above.

You say you have been waiting for everyone to find you out—why wait? They found "you out" in your first performance on Broadway and your acting in your first picture and what they found was that you were an *actress* not an actress. I agree with your opinion in that you can act, but regardless of your flawless performances on the stage you will never surpass your acting on the screen. When you come to New York, I shall make every effort to see you, but no matter how fine you are, I am not expecting to see your legitimate work surpass your screen performances.

Edith M. Hall,
Bureau of Internal Revenue,
Washington, D. C.

Crawford's Development

• • • The Editor:

A continual striving for improvement in every way, through the medium of reading, study, physical exercise, does manifest itself in the individual's face. If you do not agree with me, look at a picture of Joan Crawford's face. Notice a series of her pictured faces, such as you see sometimes. They show how her face has kept step with her growth in character development and in her success.

Examine her picture when as Lucille LeSueur, or some such name, she came to Hollywood, then look at it later on, as step by step she climbed upward, ever striving and enduring through love, through disappointment and loneliness, until now we come to her present lovely expressive face, pictured everywhere as one of the famous Hollywood's stars.

She has grown in character, in kindness, and in understanding, because she has known what it is to suffer, what it is to be poor, and alone in the world to make a way for oneself. There are many unfortunate ones who could tell of Joan's help and sympathy.

One often hears of self-made men. Joan Crawford is a self-made star, but she is more than that—she is a noble, unselfish woman.

Mary Belle Walley,
Butler, N. J.

Is there Romance in Your Arms?



June nights and romance! Those breathless little meetings . . . with you in his arms . . . as he whispers those sweet nothings which only you and the moon can hear . . .

• So close, so intimate . . . surely, at such times, there is nothing so appealing to a man as the delicate, unspoiled charm of a woman's arms. Don't ever dare risk offending! When nights are warm . . . take care!

Even if your skin is sensitive there's a safe way for you to prevent underarm odor—and perspiration stains. A way to keep yourself as lovely and unspoiled as moonlight.

That way is Nonspi. One application keeps you free from underarm perspiration from two to five days. And Nonspi is approved by physicians. Even women with sensitive skins use Nonspi without

irritation. It doesn't sting or burn.

Nonspi now comes in a new bottle with a siphon-principle top. More convenient and economical to apply. And completely sanitary. You just shake it on gently. Apply it correctly and you eliminate the danger of staining or soiling your gown.

This summer . . . use Nonspi. It's 35c and 60c a bottle at all drug and department stores. Get yours today.

NONSPI

APPROVED BY PHYSICIANS



SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

The Nonspi Company **FWG-75**
113 West 18th Street, New York City

Send me a Special Trial-Size Bottle of the new Nonspi. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin), 15c in Canada. This offer good only until June 15th, 1935.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Life Begins at Birth

Being a Line-a-Year account of the Life, the Times and the Troubles—mostly those Troubles—of one of W. C. Fields from the Diary he should have kept, but quite naturally didn't. Drat it!

by WM. A. ULMAN, Jr.



- Jan. 29th, 1883. Just a Blank.
- Jan. 29th, 1884. Still blank. House smells like a bar.
- Jan. 29th, 1885. I was right. The bar is downstairs.
- Jan. 29th, 1886. Am sure that the Old Man borrowed my shoes. Both he and mother put in full denial.
- Jan. 29th, 1887. Found the shoes; too small now. Guess the Old Man didn't borrow them; but he is swiping my milk for punches and nogs for the customers.
- Jan. 29th, 1888. Getting even now. I take his lunch down to the saloon and eat half of it on the way.
- Jan. 29th, 1889. He's found out . . . I start to school tomorrow.
- Jan. 29th, 1890. Hm-m-m! Little girls are prettier than little boys!
- Jan. 29th, 1891. I guess I like recess best.
- Jan. 29th, 1892. Gosh! The teacher's a peacherino!
- Jan. 29th, 1893. Apples to the teacher are the bunk; didn't get to first base. One try and she fired me.
- Jan. 29th, 1894. Education is over. Have swell job locating hay for Dad's horses.
- Jan. 29th, 1895. Location work is over. Am cash-boy at Strawbridge and Clothiers' in Philly. \$1.40 per week net.
- Jan. 29th, 1896. Have decided to avoid George Bancroft, the other cash-boy. His hands are too big and so is he.
- Jan. 29th, 1897. Got saucy with the Old Man and had to break all records for the standing start from the hundred-yard dash to the five-mile marathon.
- Jan. 29th, 1898. Have had bad attack of Cleveland's Malaria—no desire to work.
- Jan. 29th, 1899. Still got it; case complicated by monetary anaemia.
- Jan. 29th, 1900. Juggling looks easy. Guess I'll try it.
- Jan. 29th, 1901. Juggling not so easy. Eighteen hours a day practice; \$5.00 a week pay minus \$1.50 agents commission. Malaria coming back fast.
- Jan. 29th, 1902. Kissed a *lady*! Twenty-three, skidoo!
- Jan. 29th, 1903. Ladies take too much time from juggling.
- Jan. 29th, 1904. Juggling takes too much time from ladies; why are most of them named after flowers?
- Jan. 29th, 1905. Went on the Burlesque wheel at \$17.00 a week; wanted \$17.50 but manager said he wouldn't pay another nickel. Took the cut . . . Drat!
- Jan. 29th, 1906. Now at the Wintergarten in Berlin. Am paying for all the applause cash in advance or I don't get a hand. Have nostalgia for free applause and USA.
- Jan. 29th, 1907. Back in States. Vaudeville is hard too. No time to sleep. Have more nostalgia. Will juggle around the world in search of Free Applause, Free Drinks, Free Money.
- Jan. 29th, 1908. Still playing Magellan, the Tramp Juggler. Played Honolulu, Samoa, New Zealand, Africa and Australia. All audiences are alike to a juggler—only they smell different. Very.
- Jan. 28th, 1909. Back home playing in The Ham Tree. Don't like that title. Makes me nervous. . . . Birthday now on the 28th. I lost a day going around the world to the left.

[Continued on page 46]

Charlie Rhodes, Hollywood's EYE-WITNESS

Snaps a Galaxy of Stars



EVERYBODY GOES to the polo games, particularly when you'll see Virginia Valli (Mrs. Charles Farrell), Robert Montgomery and Leo Carrillo, officiating at the Uplifters Field. Bob sold his polo ponies; now raises blue ribbon hunting horses



A NEW SALON OF BEAUTY built by the famed Westmore brothers, is visited by Freddie March, with a new hair cut, Henry Wilcoxon, with his hair long for "The Crusades," Una Merkel and Claudette Colbert, who is flaunting a lovely new style of hairdress these days. Flanking the group are Ern and Wally Westmore, who dress the hair of lovely ladies



Last photo of Junior Durkin, killed in Coogan auto accident. Photo shows Phyllis Fraser, Grace Durkin, hostess Ann Shirley, Gertrude Durkin and Jane Douglass. Standing; Junior, John Downs, William Janney



GABLE DEFEATS OUR PUBLISHER! Captain W. H. Fawcett, Hollywood Magazine's publisher, may be champion trap shooter, but skeet was a new wrinkle to the Olympic Games winner. Left to right at the skeet shoot: R. Kent Fawcett (publisher's son) and bride, Jack Holt, Fred Stone, Wendy Barrie, Wm. Collier, Jr., Clark Gable, Jimmy Gleason, Captain and Mrs. Fawcett

Preview Flashes FROM

**YOU'LL HOLD YOUR SIDES
AS WILL HOLDS HIS WIFE
from crashing the stage!**

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! "Doubting Thomas" is just what the family ordered. It's the laugh round-up.

You really see *two* plays for the price of one. Because all the hilarity centers about an amateur production, with Will and his son facing the same woman trouble . . . A & C . . . Art and Culture. But do you think Will lets the Bugaboo of Art bust up his Happy home? Do you think he lets the Halo about Culture break his son's heart? Not if you know your Will, you don't!

● WATCH FOR THE OPENING DATE.



WILL ROGERS in **'Doubting Thomas'**

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION

with

**BILLIE BURKE • ALLISON SKIPWORTH
STERLING HOLLOWAY
GAIL PATRICK • FRANCES GRANT**

Directed by David Butler



"Well, Thomas, why aren't you just pelting your wife with flowers?"

"What! Say listen, if I didn't lose my mind watching that show, I couldn't go nutty if I tried."

"Goodness, what happened?"

"Your husband fell downstairs, dear . . . THAT'S ALL."

"Shall I call a doctor?"

"Come, come my child, be brave. THE SHOW MUST GO ON!"



2 ROARING HITS!

BY JERRY HALLIDAY

He rides like the wind and loves like the whirlwind!

Carramba, but this is one grandioso picture! And as for Warner Baxter . . . ah, be still, fluttering heart. What a man! What a lover! He's even more tempestuous than as "The Cisco Kid." So prepare for fireworks when Baxter, a gallant gaucho with the swiftest horse, the smoothest line, the stunningest senoritas on the pampas, meets a gay m'amselle from the Boulevards of Paree! And to add to the excitement, there's a feud, a thrilling horse race, a glamorous cabaret scene in romantic Buenos Aires.

If your blood tingles to the tinkle of guitars . . . if your heart thrills to the throbbing rhythms of the rumba, to the passionate songs of the gauchos, to the sinuous tempo of the tango, then rush to see this picture — *and take the "love interest" with you!*



"I have a very good name with the women . . . a bad name perhaps, with the fathers!"

Warner BAXTER • Ketti GALLIAN 'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION

with **TITO GUIZAR**

Radio's Troubadour of Love

VELOZ and YOLANDA

Internationally renowned Artists of the Dance

Directed by James Tinling



"Your fragrance is like a garden. Your mouth a red carnation. And your lips, oh, your lips, to kiss, to kiss again."



HOLLYWOOD NOTES

Leave it to the fans of Hollywood to think up a new one. This time they're playing a game called the Triple "S" Test . . . studio, star, story. And here's how it works. Fans rate a picture on these three counts *before* they see it. Then they check their judgment *after* the performance. And it's simply *amazing* how high Fox Films rank!

But then, that's to be expected. For Fox Studios have the ace directors, the leading writers, the biggest headline names.

So take a tip from Hollywood . . . when you look for entertainment, look for the name . . .



ACCLAIMED BY SOCIETY ON TWO CONTINENTS, VELOZ and YOLANDA bring their superb talent to the screen in a breath-taking creation, the exotic COBRA TANGO.

The
Command
Story

Why Myrna Loy is a Bachelor Girl



—Clarence Sinclair Bull

● MYRNA LOY has become one of Hollywood's favorite mysteries.

No one seems to know anything about her. No one has been able to catch her off-guard, without her smiling, imperturbable and freckled mask. In her own studio she is a far greater mystery than Garbo. Because Garbo is what she's supposed to be, a strange, shy Swedish sphinx. But Myrna looks and acts and talks like a normal young woman. When Myrna suddenly stepped from the cocoon of Oriental rôles into the butterfly shimmer of modern heroines and Adrian gowns, Hollywood sat up and took a new interest in her. A hundred times, when

Here it is—our first Command Story, published in answer to hundreds of letters from readers asking for a really good interview with Myrna Loy. There will be Command Stories each issue, so let us know your preference

by ELEANOR PACKER

I worked in the crazy confusion of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department, people asked, "What sort of person is Myrna Loy? Oh, I know she's from Montana and doesn't look exotic off the screen. But what kind of a girl is she?"

One woman magazine editor came to Hollywood for a brief vacation and asked for an interview with Myrna. "Dozens of Loy stories have been sent to me," she

explained. "But not one of them really tells anything about the girl. I'd like to see her away from the studio, in her own home. Maybe she'll break down and talk."

So it was arranged. The editor [Continued on page 63]

eeny, meeny, miney, mo...



...do you choose a wave
by CHANCE?

Do you buy a permanent wave blind-fold, with nothing definite to assure you that what goes on your hair is safe and sound? Look at this photograph. Those lustrous, soft waves are not the result of guesswork. They were created with *Eugene Sachets*, the famous little wrappers that have turned out millions of wavy heads with results pleasing to both hairdresser and *hairdressee*.

Eugene Sachets are as accurate as a prescription. Each contains the exact, measured quantity of pure waving lotion needed to make one perfect wave or curl. This wonderful lotion, Eugeneol, was perfected by the international corps of Eugene chemists, and is to be found in none but Eugene Sachets. It safeguards your hair and your peace of mind when you sit for a genuine Eugene Wave.

Be as smart when you go wave-shopping as if you were buying fashions or food. Don't let a bargain price get the best of *your* head! Let others go *eeny, meeny, miney, mo-ing* around for any old wave . . . and let them take the consequences! Eugene Sachets are *your* guide! Just say to your hairdresser, "I want you to use Eugene Sachets" . . . When your friends see *your* wave, they'll tell you how right you were for insisting.



ONE SACHET SENT YOU FREE.

Examine this sachet . . . acquaint yourself with the trade-mark by which it can always be identified. Take it with you to your hairdresser's! We will also send you a copy of "Here's How!"—a booklet of new hair styles, with information about keeping your Eugene Wave in condition. Mail a postal to Eugene, Ltd., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Eugene Permanent Waves



What I Think JEAN HARLOW

by
Chair Table

TO ME, JEAN always seems to have rather a man's attitude toward life. I don't know just how to explain this, but I always feel it when I'm with her. You can talk to her so naturally. She understands and appreciates the things men are interested in. Of course this appeals to any man.

Instead of the slinky evening gowns and bizarre costumes you might expect her to wear, after seeing her on the screen, she usually goes around in a pair of slacks, or a sports skirt, short socks, and sneakers. She seems utterly unconscious of her beauty.

She adores golf. She is an expert fisherman. She loves riding. And she makes no allowances for herself as a woman in these sports. She plays them on an equal basis with men—and discusses them more intelligently than one woman in a hundred.

She never uses her femininity in conversations—to win arguments, for instance, or to put over a point. So many women suddenly "go feminine" when they think it will turn the tide their way, but I don't think Jean even thinks of her sex in such circumstances.

● **SHE HAS, Too,** a complete sense of fairness. I don't know anyone, man or woman, who is more of a straight shooter. She is fair in the things she does and the things she says. I have seen her, on one occasion, give a bit player an unusual break. The girl had a short line to speak, and then Jean was supposed to interrupt her. The girl had tried awfully hard, but as the scene was to be played she would be hardly noticed. Jean said, "I was an extra myself once, so I know what this means to her. Couldn't we change the script a little so my line can be delayed—and so I won't have to walk in front of her?"

I've never known Jean to "go temperamental," and when you consider the number of days we have worked together, this is a real tribute. I have seldom seen her out of spirits. Of course, she's human, and she has occasional flare-ups. But they last only a short time and are always directed where they belong. Usually she is right.

She's a swell sport. For instance, if I have to "sock" her in a picture—and believe me, it is done with the utmost reluctance!—she never asks me to take it easy. She doesn't expect me to. When I "dunked" her in the barrel of water in "Red Dust," she didn't seem to mind at all. I'm always a bit embarrassed about such scenes, and her attitude helps. It's just part of the business to her, and she goes through the retakes, if they're necessary, like a trouper.

Again, during the making of *China Seas*, she had a bad cold, and right in the middle of it we had [Continued on page 60]

*Two Pals
other,
Mark*

About CLARK GABLE

by

Jean Harlow

I CAN'T IMAGINE anyone I'd rather have for a friend than Clark Gable. He embodies all the qualities which are necessary for true friendship.

Not more than half a dozen people in Hollywood, I believe, know Clark as he really is. He is so much deeper than people think. He won't talk about himself—he doesn't even seem to *think* much about himself. It's not that he's a Garbo. But he is always so interested in finding out about you that he never tells you much about Gable.

But I know him from the standpoint of one who has worked with him on many pictures. I believe that by working with a man you get to know him as well as anyone possibly can. If he stands well in the opinion of his fellow-workers, he'll be the same under any conditions.

We started our screen partnership several years ago in *The Secret Six*. It was my first picture after *Hell's Angels* and it was, I think, Clark's first important picture. Since then we have played together in *Red Dust*, *Hold Your Man*, and now in *China Seas*. The most revealing comment I can make about Clark is that he is, today, the same human, natural, amusing chap he was in the beginning.

He has made a spectacular success. His rise to the top is breath-taking even in Hollywood, where overnight fame comes fairly often. He is probably every woman's ideal of a man, as a husband, friend, or a lover. But Clark is no more conscious of this than he is conscious of the color of his eyes. Maybe even less so! Fame hasn't changed him.

For instance, his stand-in now is a man who worked with him on the stage some ten years ago. Clark's attitude toward this chap is that of a friend and a fellow-worker. He doesn't seem to have a trace of a feeling that would be, after all, quite natural in the circumstances—"I'm the star and you're the stand-in!"

There's one exception, one change that has come inevitably with success. When Clark and I made *The Secret Six* we had no particular incentive because it seemed too wildly improbable that we would become stars.

We regarded each bit of success as a lucky "break" and made the most of it. Our attitude was happy-go-lucky. We enjoyed ourselves as we went along.

Now Clark regards his work with an increased seriousness. He takes each part more intensely. The best way of putting it is to say that he has an *increased application* to his rôles.

● HE IS ESSENTIALLY a man's man. His attitude toward me is that of a pal or a brother. With some men, you are made awfully conscious of being a woman. [Continued on page 61]



expose each
as told to

Dowling

Personalities SPOT



Garbo and Freddie Bartholomew in "Anna Karenina," her new picture

Garbo's Unwanted Admirer

WE SHALL CALL him Ben because that happens to be his name. He swears every word of this tale is true and I see no reason to disbelieve him.

Some four years ago, fascinated by the tales he heard of Hollywood, bolstered by the honors he had won in college plays, and drawn irresistibly by the glamor that is Garbo's, he came to Hollywood to enter pictures—and to meet Garbo.

Ben was not in love with Garbo. He simply wanted to meet her. He had heard that there were actually people alive who knew her, and he determined to include himself in their thin and shadowy ranks.

Ben is a Southern gentleman with all of the good characteristics and none of the bad. His drawl never forgets itself. His chassis is streamlined and his face good-looking in a thin, boney way. He dresses beautifully, with a nice sense of color, and his collection of sweaters is famous. He never wears

a hat. His manners are impeccable, and almost any other woman—except Garbo—would relish the chance of being chased by him.

For four years he schemed, plotted and maneuvered to meet this woman. Things went from bad to worse and nothing worked. He pulled strings and angled introductions to people connected with her. He stood on street corners and hung around the big motor entrance at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

But he never even saw Garbo.

He moved to Santa Monica this summer in order to inject a little sea air into his system, which was a trifle alkalized on Hollywood. He rented a small, attractive cottage on Druid Lane, packed away his tuxedo, lived in a bathing suit, and mulled over more plans to meet Garbo.

It was his habit, in the late afternoon, to sit on his front porch, which commanded a perfect view of the street, and, being a southern gentleman, sip a mint julip. There he would sit, and muse over new and old plans, rejecting, changing, still hopeful after four Garbo-less years.

And then, one afternoon, just as he had settled down on the top step and was eyeing his mint julip critically, the peace and quiet of his little street were shattered, to his great disgust, by a rattly old Lincoln which rumbled

noisily past his doorstep. He shuddered . . . and then he leaped to his feet. His ritually-constructed mint julep went flying into the rose garden and his four grey hairs darkened into new life.

It was Garbo!

From then on, Ben's hermit-like existence suffered from sheer exhaustive activity. No longer did he lounge around the house in a bathing suit. He refused all calls from studios. His life became a systemized chart . . . a chart of Garbo's comings and goings, for she lived within a very few blocks of him. By the end of the week he knew to the minute just when Garbo was due to pass his house. He also discovered that every morning she went to Dolores Del Rio's house for a tennis lesson.

It was easy to bow from the front porch as she went by, and repeat the bow on her return. He had to be more or less of a jumping jack with eyes in the back of his head, for sometimes she deigned to use Druid Lane and sometimes the back street. It was all very complicated, but our Ben was alert and persistent. He was also the soul of courtesy. Remember, he is from Virginia.

Garbo began to notice the good-looking young man who always uncoiled his leggy six feet and stood up, bowing deeply, as she passed. At least, Ben hoped she noticed, for she made no sign . . . at first.

However, as the days wore on and Ben's bows became deeper and more plentiful, Garbo began to respond.

First it was a small smile. The next a blank stare. Once Ben was dumbfounded to see her quickly flop to the floor of the car and hide from view as she rode by. He shouted with glee. She was noticing him at last. The next evening he [Continued on page 54]



in the Hollywood LIGHT

Why Fred Astaire Worries

"IF I EVER get to the point where I stop worrying, I'm really going to have something to worry about," says Fred Astaire, humorously. "I'm like the man who wanted to hire someone to do his worrying. I've often thought it would be a grand idea, but if I did it wouldn't do me a particle of good. I'd worry whether the man I hired to worry for me—had enough to worry about!"

Work and worry are synonymous to Fred. The first he does seriously, because he's come a long ways, entirely through his own efforts. The latter is just force of habit and never to be taken too seriously. Inspired by his keen desire for perfection, Fred is just naturally concerned, even when he knows he's doing his best. But if he ever got to the point in his dancing career, where he tolerated things with casual indifference, then there would be something to worry about.

Fred does carry his worrying to the extreme, but at least he is conscious of it and never too upset to have a good laugh at his own expense. He's such a perfectionist and so conscientious about his work, he'll never reach the stage where he can sit back and give the world a nice, artistic razzberry. That's why he attaches so much importance to things that other people wouldn't even give a second thought. That's why the selection of a necktie, a letter unanswered, people sending him money for photographs, can cause him so much concern.

Don't for a moment get the impression that Fred goes around looking like a life-size edition of old man gloom. There isn't a happier and more contented actor in all Hollywood.

In disposition he's as mild-mannered as a child. He has a nice way about him that makes people perfectly at ease in his presence. As an artist he demands less and expects practically nothing.

Electricians and prop men fight to get on his set, because there's never a dull moment. In front of the camera, Fred gives till it hurts. On the sidelines he kids with the best of them and can hold his own to the last laugh.

Fred himself will tell you he was always the serious one, when he danced with his sister Adele. While she worked equally as hard, her disposition was such that she could throw things off with easy abandon. During rehearsals Fred worried himself sick. For weeks in advance he would know every kind of agony before the opening night of a play. Yet when that curtain went up for the first time, without fail, Fred would remain calm and collected. While everyone else in the cast quaked with terror, Fred would come sailing through with flying colors. In spite of his great worry at the anticipation of things, he has never been known to fail, when actually put to a test.

By this same process, he has become the dancing sensation he is today. "I am what I am," says Fred good-naturedly, with a wide grin. "It's all part of my general makeup and I might just as well save myself the trouble of trying to change something that is so definitely a part of myself.

"When they hand out the medals for the champion worrier, I'll walk away with the grand prize. But really I hate to keep referring to my worrying, because it makes me sound so humorless and so serious. I know I am concerned about a great many things that other people wouldn't even think about. But it's just my way and by this time I've sort of gotten used to myself.

"For example, when I know I have dances to learn for a picture, it is much better for me to get in and learn them instead of spending my time thinking about it. I want them to be good and I know that practice is one way of making them that way. So I usually come to the studio on Sundays and holidays, and get in a lot of extra practicing. I do this on my own time and strange as it may seem, this is when I get some of my best ideas. I'd rather be sure of my numbers beforehand than have to worry too much on how they are going to look before the camera."

Mark Sandrich, who directed Fred in *The Gay Divorcée*, understands him better than anyone in the studio. Right now they are working together on *Top Hat* and it is to Mark that Fred gives a great deal of the credit for the happy results of their work.

"I know that Fred worries about every scene," says Sandrich. "It is so vitally necessary for him to feel he is giving his best. Many times his work



Fred Astaire posed this for HOLLYWOOD to prove definitely that he is the champion worrier of all time

is perfect in my eyes, but I always ask him if he wants to do one more 'take,' just to be sure he won't worry."

Hermes Pan, who is an able dance assistant to Fred, reveals some amusing information. For weeks before they start shooting a dance, Fred rehearses on an empty sound stage. The door is kept locked and no one but Hermes is allowed to see what is going on. Fred will not even allow the director or supervisor to see the dance until he has worked it up pretty close to perfection. He worries for fear they may not like it. So he strives for perfection before he lays himself open to criticism.

Speaking of criticism, there is no one more grateful for it, than Fred. But it must be constructive and come from a person who is in a position to judge. On the other hand, Fred resents an unauthoritative person, who unsolicited comes up and volunteers to speak his mind.

The publicity department will tell you that Fred worries about his publicity and they try to avoid giving him anything he doesn't like. For example they never take pictures at his home or give out stories on his married life. Fred feels that his married life is his own. Being completely happy in it, it worries him for fear it may be spoiled by being made front page copy.

Many times the cameramen will come up and ask Fred to do informal shots around the lot. He realizes that these boys have a job to fill and tries never to turn them down. But cameramen are noted for their gags and vivid imaginations. Fred worries for fear he may look ridiculous in some of the things they ask him to do. Outside of the characters he plays on the screen, he has a great antipathy toward anything that [Continued on page 55]

Grace Bradley's \$250,000 Misfortune



Grace Bradley's quarter of a million dollars fortune may have been her misfortune, but there is fortune enough in her face and figure. She wears a new "krepe-tex" bathing suit of turquoise blue with a white cord suspending it around her shapely, suntanned shoulders

● IT WOULD BE very silly—and quite far from the truth—if I were to say that I am sorry that I ever inherited a quarter of a million dollars. But from where I sit right now, it looks as if I might have to spend the whole amount on aspirin tablets to cure the headaches that arrived with the news of grandfather's will!

The headaches started at the time when, according to all the time honored rules, one's growing pains are supposed to stop—that is, with my twenty-first birthday. Since nothing startling had ever happened on any of my other birthdays, I expected the Tuesday that ushered in my twenty-first year to be just another Tuesday. The shooting schedule on *Stolen Harmony* did not include me for that day, and I had picked out the nicest possible birthday present for myself—a long morning's sleep. But that was not to be. For at nine o'clock, I was awakened by mother who appeared beside me with the telephone in her hand. It was a New York call. I was sure that it was some sort of a gag when a strange masculine voice introduced itself as belonging to my grandfather's lawyer and informed me that I had, that day, inherited a fortune. It all sounded fantastic to me and I handed the phone back to mother who, after a few moment's conversation, replaced the receiver thoughtfully and then turned to inform me that it was no joke at all and that I was far wealthier than I had been yesterday. Since then I have discovered that trouble can not only be borrowed, as the old saying goes, but can be bought outright!

The following morning the papers contained accounts of my unexpected "good fortune." I was surprised that the news had found its way into print, but thought nothing of it as I drove to the studio. But that night when I returned to my apartment, I found mother worried and practically in a state of collapse. The telephone and the door bell had been ringing constantly all day. It seems that insurance salesmen were convinced that they could convince me of the urgent need for adequate protection; automo-

bile salesmen wanted to show me newer and better cars; private detective agencies would—for a reasonable fee—fill my life, and clutter up the hallway of the apartment, with row upon row of trusty and fearless men; realtors had nice new lots for sale at bargain prices.

As the days passed, the nature of the telephone calls changed; they did not, however, diminish in number. Annoying solicitations from persistent salesmen ceased and in their stead came demands for money over the wires with threats of violence if they were not met. Time after time the phone would ring and when answered, we would hear only the disturbing click of the receiver being hung up at the other end. Such calls alarmed us even more than the definite threats because they led to all sorts of sinister speculations. Was someone trying to find the right moment to plunder the apartment or perhaps check on our movements with an idea of kidnaping one of us?

● SUCH POSSIBILITIES frightened us and furnished the major topics of much morbid dinner table discussion. Soon we all began to feel as unhappy and uncertain of life and safety as the marked victims of the bloodiest murder mystery.

When we found several notes under the door threatening violence to me unless demands for money were met, mother decided that it was time to move. In the process, we had another phone number given us—a private, unlisted number which we hoped would prove to be more private than the old one. Almost the first call on the new phone turned out to be the same man with the foreign accent who had been calling at least once every day for the past several weeks, dispensing vague threats with his demands for money. This call was the signal for the resumption of the same old routine.

Again we were faced with the problem of moving. First, however, we attempted unsuccessfully to have these mysterious phone calls traced. Then we had the number changed again. But I had hardly learned the new number myself when my nemesis with the foreign accent called. When the morning mail had again achieved the bulkiness of a Sunday supplement and threatening notes were again being slipped

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● GENE RAYMOND KNOWS what it is to be fan-handled! Mounted police and the fire department were called out to preserve order within the ranks of the milling throngs in front of the theatre, when he reached Chicago on his recent personal appearance tour.

In Detroit, seven thousand persons were packed into a five-thousand-seat house at well-nigh every performance.

Upwards of a thousand girls and women ripped the hinges off the great doors leading into the Chicago Palace, the day he opened. And the clamor of the mob awaiting him could be heard several blocks away in downtown Detroit.

Sixteen girls crashed his theatre dressing room while he waited to go on the stage in the Windy City. Hundreds of fans stormed his hotel in Detroit, and set up a great outcry for souvenirs. In response, Gene tossed down neckties, handkerchiefs, everything available . . . even pieces of paper with his name written thereon.

A mother fan announced publicly during a performance that she had named her twin boys after him—one, Gene Raymond, and the other, Raymond Gene. And even a porter on his train refused a tip and asked Gene to autograph his white coat instead.

That's the amazing record of Gene Raymond on his first personal appearance tour, that carried him through the Middle West, when his fans charged the heights, as it were, to catch a glimpse of their idol. No conquering hero of olden times ever was accorded the welcome that greeted this young and popular actor everywhere on his tour, and he returned to Hollywood with the fanfare still ringing in his ears.

● IN A SEASON that has seen many famous Hollywood names go out on tour, Gene Raymond's remains the most sensationally successful ever scored by a motion picture personality.

Leaving Hollywood "in a blue funk," as he expresses it, Gene undertook his tour as the next best thing to an appearance in a stage play.

"I was so fed up with everything that I was afraid it would show in my acting," he assured me, over the luncheon table. "Honestly, I couldn't get a kick out of anything. My agents had talked me out of returning to the stage for a play and I regretted this deeply. Somebody suggested a series of personal appearances and I jumped at the idea, although I had never made such a tour before."

The moment he checked in at the Drake, his life ceased being his own. That Chicago hostelry was besieged by old and young alike, all with one avowed purpose — to see this screen actor in the flesh. Literally in droves, they asked for him at the desk, and his telephone rang al-



A small section of the huge crowds that stormed Gene's hotels. Raymond is seen at the window tossing out souvenirs

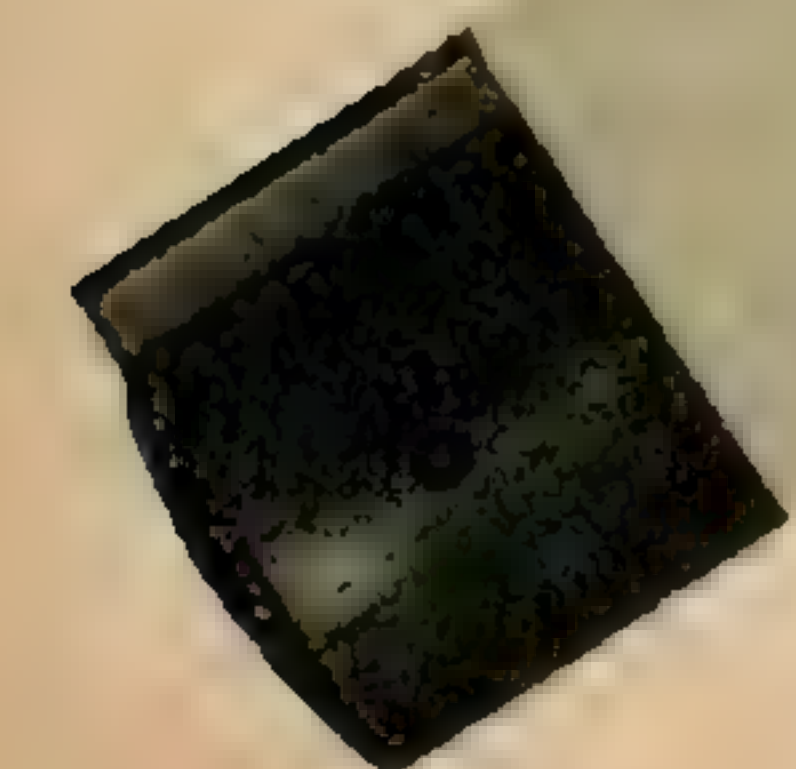
Gene Raymond Was Fan-Handled

most constantly. Frequently, some one would slip upstairs and knock at his door. That point was reached where Gene refused to answer. Even in the middle of the night the rapping for admittance continued.

Going to the theatre, in Chicago, for an early rehearsal of his act, he found an enormous crowd of admirers outside. Although bitterly cold and some nearly frozen, many had been standing in line since before nine o'clock in the

morning. When he appeared, they descended upon him in a solid mass, and only with the greatest difficulty and most skillful maneuvering did he gain the door without the loss of his clothing. As it was, he left behind a hat, several buttons off his overcoat and a kerchief that had reposed in his outside pocket.

In the midst of rehearsal, a great din arose at the front of the house. The mob had [Continued on page 57]





Bing Crosby at his desk—love-lorn letters arrive at rate of 2,300 a day from fans

How Crosby Plays Cupid

TWENTY-THREE hundred and more letters a day—all on love—have given Bing Crosby the title of Cupid instead of Crooner around the Paramount lot. We looked into the matter the other day, and it's a story well worth relating.

It all came up because of what a young man told me. He had taken his girl friend riding. Under a clump of oaks, where the moon peered through lacy foliage, the car stopped. But in spite of the romantic setting, the mood did not seem complete. The boy turned on the radio . . . and suddenly romance is theirs, and love is in the air. Crosby is crooning!

More lovers have been brought to speak of rose covered cottages and wedding rings because of Bing's voice than any statistician could hope to count. This was but one of thousands of similar couples—and Bing's fan mail proves it.

So let us delve into those bulging bags. Bing of course won't let us reprint real names, but we can note the sense of the letters and give them to

you in essence. For instance, these:

Dear Bing:

Pardon the familiar salutation but Tom and I discuss you so often that we feel that you are almost one of us. If you could hear from your end of the radio as well as we do from our's you'd know the reason why! And sometimes I feel that you can!! That brings up the reason for this letter.

Last month Tom and I quarreled. Oh, we've had occasional spats all right during our six months engagement but this time it was really serious. To prove his independence he began rushing Molly—she's the flirt of the town. I couldn't let him get away with that so I started vamping like mad. Then it happened. He came over to the house one night and asked me to return his ring. He couldn't meet my eyes when he said Molly and he had decided to marry. Well, I ended our engagement in the approved style. I walked with him to the door and said something that was supposed to be funny. Then I collapsed.

I don't know how I lived thru the next few weeks. That is—up to last night. Last night we had our monthly dance at the country club. I went with Wade. Tom and I wouldn't look at each other. But while we were dancing Wade asked Molly for the next and Tom very impersonally mumbled to me. I accepted just as coldly.

We didn't say a word thru the entire dance. I guess we were both thinking too hard. For the number they played was Down The Old Ox Road. That was the song we heard you sing when we first went out together. And the one you happened to sing when he slipped the solitaire on my finger. After

HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHTS

the dance Tom grabbed my hand and pulled me outside and shoved me into the roadster. He drove like a fiend. When we parked in our old spot we didn't waste time with explanations. We both understood that it was just stubborn pride. But we're not going to take any more chances. We'll be married next week. Wish us luck, old pal. And thanks—

—BETTY.

The following cry of anguish is worthy of any anthology:

Bing—

He did it! For six months he's been threatening to leave me and last night he did—for good. When I came home from work I found his note pinned on my lounging pajamas in the closet. What can I do? I can't go home. I don't want to go on living without him. I know I've done wrong but please—please help me as I haven't a friend in the world. Sing Body and Soul the next time you're on the radio. He'll understand. I want him to know how much I love him still. He—I'm crying so hard I can't go on.

—RUTH.

This impertinent letter must be included because of its sheer audacity:

Bing dear,

Can you take it? I've been listening to you and loving you long enough. Too long, really. I just received \$1000 from the estate of an uncle—God rest his soul—so I'm hopping the next plane for Los Angeles. I'm coming out to the studio for just one kiss. Then I'll be content. I know you're married but I'm just five feet four of healthy, young girl so one kiss won't hurt. Well, as the nudists say—I'll be seeing you.

Devotedly,

—WILMA.

P. S. Remember the name when I pass thru my card.

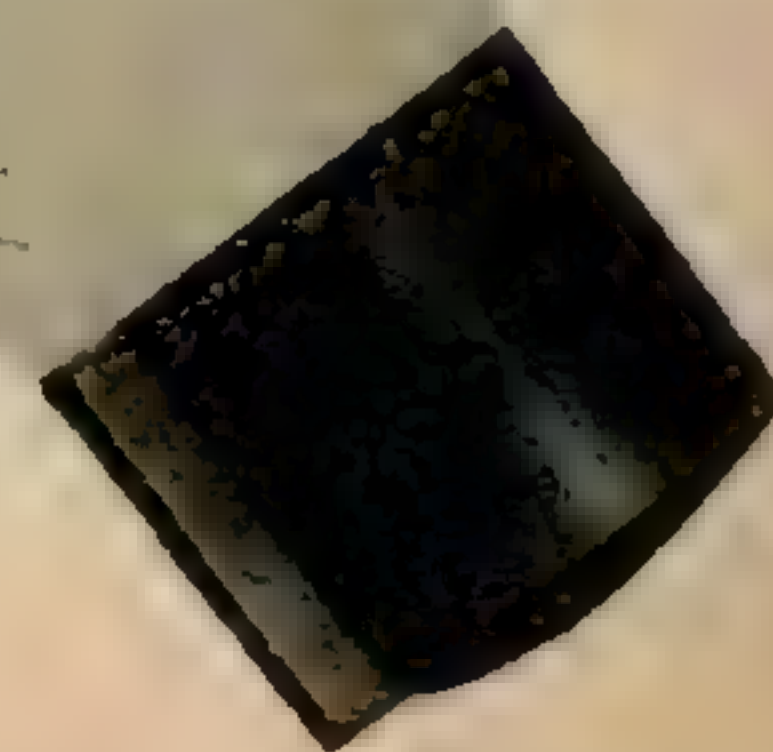
The following confession is from one in the "awful age."

Dear Bing,

I wish I could die! I'm just an old maid and ugly. All my life I've had to watch my sister attract all the eligible males in town. You don't know how terribly lonely it is to sit at the window of my room and look at the moonlight and listen to Sis and some beau whispering on the porch. Nobody loves me. When I'm dead they won't even understand that I died of a broken heart.

Life's worth living! Just after I wrote the first part of this letter something tremendous happened. Harry came for Sis. She had gone out with another suitor. I went downstairs to see what the rumpus was about and Harry asked me to go out on the porch. He wanted to talk about Sis. He

[Continued on page 58]



HOLLYWOOD

Shirley Temple Talks About Her Leading Men

SHIRLEY TEMPLE looks on her leading men with the discerning eye of a child. She can tell you things about Jimmy Dunn, Gary Cooper, Adolphe Menjou, Warner Baxter, Joel McCrea and John Boles you have never known.

Her reactions, her attachment to these box office magnets is given in confidence to her mother and dad, or to her twenty-year-old brother, to whom she is not a star, but a kid sister. Shirley is not a child given to constant prattle, but is rather contemplative, a quiet morsel, whose attachments form slowly, but once formed, remain! And her reasons for her likes and her dislikes are definite.

Jimmy Dunn has played in three pictures with her. To him Shirley is a small idol, whom he worships with intensity. She has brought out all the sweetness, all the tenderness in the man obscured since his first star rôle in *Bad Girl*.

Shirley frankly considers him her own property. To her he isn't a grown-up at all. He reduces himself to her stature, mentally and physically, and they play like two kids together. Shirley crawls into his lap, snuggles close to him and they make up little songs together. The child is entranced with his vivid imagination and continually tells him—"Jimmy, I like you best because you make up such nice songs for me."

It was during the making of *Stand Up And Cheer* that Jimmy and Shirley began their era of devotion. Incidentally, that was the picture which established the Temple child, and riveted the eyes of a nation on her remarkable abilities. Jimmy was bouncing Shirley up and down on his knee as they were singing "Rockabye Baby." And simultaneously, at the end of it, they both burst out with a loud YIP-PEE. It was so amusing that the director made it a sequence in the picture. And to Shirley that was marvelous. Only her Jimmy could have thought of it, and it further cemented the bond between them.

She claims Jimmy's affections as wholly her own and will not tolerate any infringement on her rights. Recently she walked on the set of *The Scandals*, where Jimmy and Alice

Faye were doing an intimate scene. Shirley looked at her mother—"He has his arms around Miss Faye. I don't think he likes me any more." She was

Shirley Temple
and Joel McCrea
—he makes Jimmy
Dunn a little jealous

forlorn, crestfallen, that this light in her life was dimmed.

Jimmy hastened to her, picked her up in his arms, perched her on his shoulder—"Why, honey," he consoled her, "that's only play-acting. Away from the set you are still my best-beloved little girl."

When Shirley attempts to catalogue in her own limited vocabulary Jimmy's virtues, she will tell you that Jimmy never "buffs" lines. For your information an actor "muffs" when he fails to remember his dialogue. Shirley's word for that condition of amnesia is "buffing." When Lionel Barrymore played with her in *Little Colonel*, on one occasion a scene had to be retaken because that veteran slipped up on a word. Almost instantly Shirley was confiding that maybe Jimmy wouldn't have "buffed."

Then there is that matter of the wrist watch, Jimmy's Christmas present to Shirley. And she boils down her answer to the query of why Jimmy Dunn is her special pet to the simple statement that she likes Jimmy best because, after all, he *did* give her a wrist watch for Christmas.

Very recently her emotions have been complicated by Joel McCrea, her leading man in *Our Little Girl*. Joel has a child of his own. He has an understanding of children, and an inherent sensitiveness to which Shirley instantly reacted.

While on location, Shirley and Joel went walking in the woods and Joel would measure the strides of his long legs to Shirley's tiny ones. Frequently they would emerge from the forest with Shirley riding pick-a-back on Joel's broad shoulders, hanging on to him for dear life and shrieking with

laughter, while Joel dog-trotted into the studio camp.

On an afternoon when scenes were being shot around them, Joel took Shirley fishing. He knew that little girls like fish-hooks made out of pins and a line out of darning thread. They returned from their excursion with the child proudly bearing a three-inch minnow and Joel downcast because he had nary a fish.

"I don't know whether I like Jimmy best now, 'cause Joel took me fishing," she told her mother. And then instantly, "But maybe I do like Jimmy best."

Gary Cooper overawed her when she first met him on the *Now And Forever* set.

"He is so high," she told her mother. And it took a bit of time before the tall star won the child. She discovered he had a facile pen which could draw entrancing animals, giraffes and elephants and lions, such as no animal book ever contained.

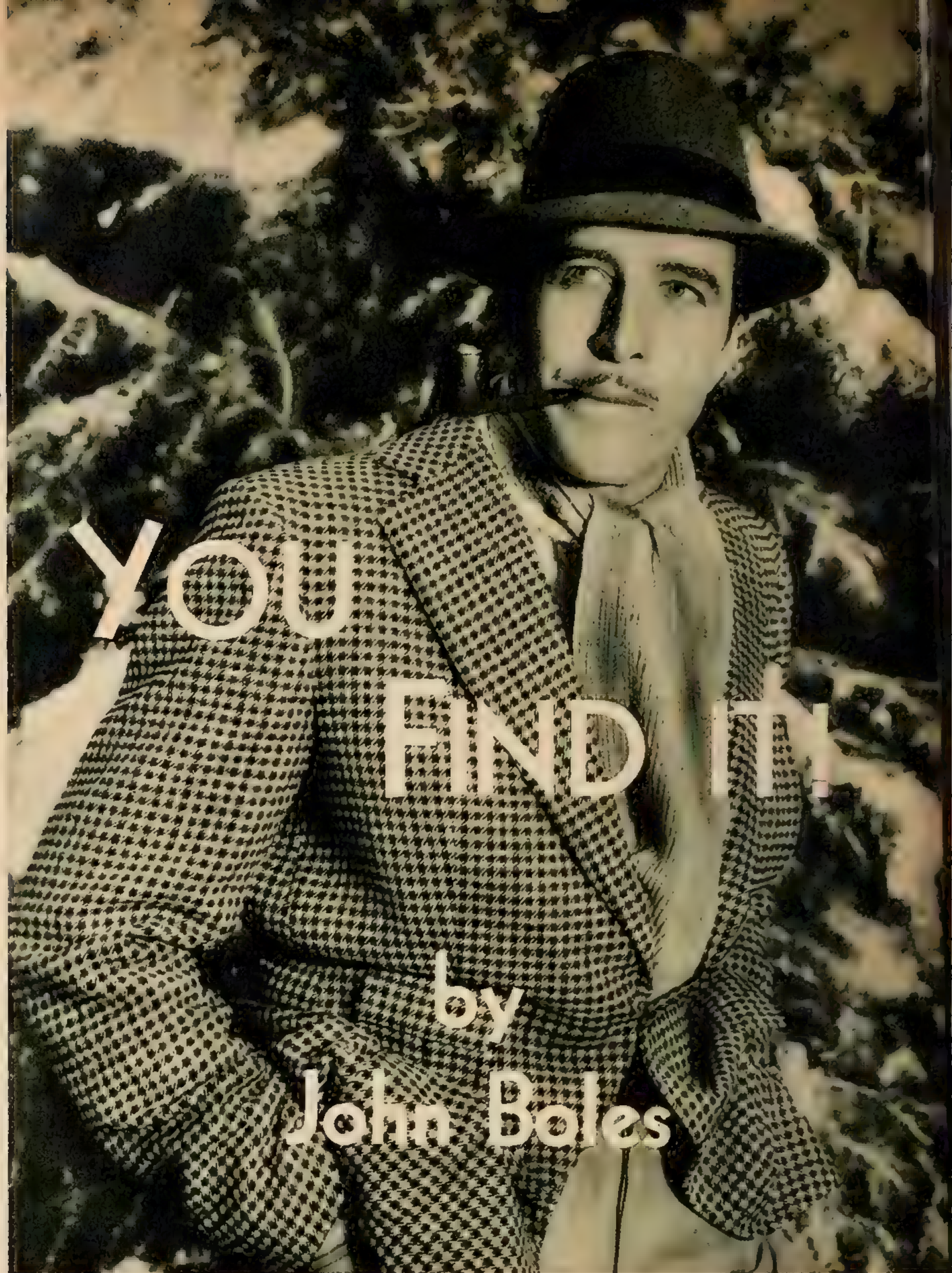
Shirley would sit contentedly at his side during intermissions in picture-making while he patiently taught her to hold a pencil.

The stoic Gary, the taciturn Gary, revealed a self to Shirley which no one even suspected. A gentleness and a patience which found reward when the child said to him—"You're not too high any more. When I grow up will you teach me to draw?"

He was [Continued on page 59]

LOVE

Is Where



JOHN BOLES
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA
April 25
1935

Dear Jack Smalley: --

This may not be your idea, exactly, of a "fan" story on "we must have romance" but it is the kind of a story I like and my ways of expressing romance in my own life. So - if it is not what you want, I know your waste basket is handy.

Cordially -

John Boles

Editor's Note: *His manuscript did NOT go into the wastebasket, because here, we're sure you'll agree, John Boles has expressed with deepest sincerity the secret in finding love. Of all Hollywood players, John Boles typifies the ideal of romance, for the poetry of it sings in his Irish blood. That is why we asked him to write this story for HOLLYWOOD Magazine, and we thank him for his eloquent response.*

SOMEONE ASKED me recently: "What are the various ages for romance and for love?"

There is no real answer to that.

If there is I have not lived sufficiently long to find it. I do not think a man ever gets too old for romance. Automatically that means love—love of something, if not a person.

To the young, love is not only a passion, it is an adventure.

To those who are, we'll say, past twenty-five, love is an ideal. It is a romantic, expressive thing.

To the mature, love is a practical thing, yet romantic. A man passes naturally from one age of love and romance to another and an ideal marriage provides a continuous life of sweetheart days and romance.

Of course, all marriages are not ideal, but they can be.

One of the reasons why they are not is due, perhaps, to the fact that too many young lovers do not allow their

courtship to progress sufficiently long enough really to know and understand one another. I am not trying to criticize an intense love; but I believe that love-making in the open, carelessness and disrespect for certain conventions tend to rob love of its loveliness.

Chivalry and respect are essential to ideal love and a man—romantic soul that he is—always falls in love with an ideal. The success and permanence of his romance depends, therefore, entirely upon his desire to maintain a complimentary attitude toward his loved one—to preserve the illusion that first brought him romance.

● BEING A SOUTHERNER, I am still swept by the romance of spring nights, moonlight and magnolias. I am Irish, too, and the Irish are the most romantic people on earth. The Irish are a repressed people, with high ideals. They have an unusually high regard for virtue. I have never known an Irishman who was not sincerely in love; perhaps, only in love with love; but, nevertheless, in love. With an Irishman, love ranks next to religion.

I believe in the blessed *Trinity of Love, Laughter and Liberty*. Where these three dwell there is happiness and there is romance. I believe in living each day with all my heart—with all my soul—with all the powers

that lie within me, so that the world may be better for my living. There's romance in just doing that. There's romance in doing good and being kind.

I am a lover of the forest and the fields, of rocks and rivers, of hills and meadows and the sweeping currents of the winds. I love the tangled growth of nature, and the magnificent sweep of a field of golden grain. I love to listen to the songs of birds and to the roaring of a torrent; to the hum of insects and the patter of rain. But most of all, I love trees and the romance of them.

You remember the popular song that says: "The best things in life are free?"

Ride or walk through the countryside and you will never lack for entertainment—you will never lack for romance—if you learn to study trees.

Trees grow more and more interesting, and more romantic, if you observe them closer. They are without money and without price, spread out for the poorest wayfarer, and, yet, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

● WE FALL short of getting much of the romance out of life when we fail to accept the bounty that nature has provided for us. This is particularly true in the springtime when all of nature [Continued on page 59]

Betty Furness Tries Out the Game Called

Test Your Popularity

I ADORE GAMES WHERE you have to answer questions. Honestly, I think I should work in a credit department where I had to ask the customers a lot of questions, instead of playing in pictures. So when this game of "Popularity" started making the rounds of the Hollywood crowd, of course I had to try it.

What's more, all the rest of my friends did, too. So just for the fun of it, I kept a record of their answers and when the editor of HOLLYWOOD Magazine heard about the game, he insisted on passing the idea along to his readers.

It's all very simple, really, and probably quite foolish, but this is the way it works: You take fifteen questions designed to psycho-analyze the personality of the one to be tested, to test his or her popularity. Remember, this has nothing to do with screen popularity. It's to test yourself on what sort of a next-door-neighbor you'd make. Whether you're the type who is popular with everybody, in other words an extrovert, or whether you are an introvert, or the shrinking violet type.

I put the questions to eight players: Isabel Jewell, Robert Taylor, Jean Parker, Maureen O'Sullivan, Virginia Bruce, Florence Lake, William Tannen, and Una Merkel. Some were definitely of the type who are "easy to get along with;" some are quite shy and difficult. And you'll probably be surprised to find out which are which!

Try the game yourself, next time you have a party. There's space in the chart for your own score. You must be frank in answering, of course. The score is added up according to the correct answers given elsewhere. (See Page 53). You get a point for each correct answer, and the total gives you a clue to your popularity. To get a score of 15 is practically impossible—nobody is that popular! Ten is most unusual, nine is normal, and if your score is around seven or eight you are rather evenly balanced between the extrovert and the introvert type.

You'll have fun out of this game, if no one takes it too seriously. Florence Lake, married to Jack Good (and

Dimpled Betty Furness tells in her story how she and her friends played this fascinating new "popularity" game.



mightily happily, too!) didn't take it seriously enough at first; she thought I was kidding. I buttonholed Bob Taylor between scenes of Metro's *Shadow of Doubt*, when he and Irene Hervey came in to watch me work. Or else to admire my costume, I don't know which. I really went to town on the clothes I wore in that picture, for it was the first time I ever had a chance [Continued on page 53]

	I S A B E L J E W E L L	R O B E R T T A Y L O R	J E A N P A R K E R	M A U R E E N O' S U L L I V A N	V I R G I N I A B R U C E	F L O R E N C E L A K E	W I L L I A M T A N N E N	U N A M E R K E L	T E S T Y O U R S E L F H E R E
1. Can you remember names?	yes	yes	yes	no	no	yes	yes	no	
2. Do you read fan magazine stories?	yes	yes	yes	no	no	no	yes	yes	
3. Have you one strong hobby you like to talk about?	yes	no	yes	no	no	no	no	no	
4. Do you often use words like ghastly, awfully, terribly?	yes	no	no	no	yes	no	no	yes	
5. Are you up on the latest interesting gossip?	no	no	no	no	yes	no	yes	no	
6. Do you often lunch alone?	no	yes	yes	yes	yes	no	yes	yes	
7. Have you seven cordially disliked acquaintances?	yes	no	no	yes	no	no	yes	no	
8. Do you like to give your autograph?	yes	yes	yes	no	yes	yes	yes	yes	
9. Do you go in for "ribbing?"	no	no	yes	no	no	no	yes	no	
10. Do you like to answer these questions?	no	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes	no	no	
11. Would you avoid "saying it to his face?"	no	no	no	yes	no	no	no	no	
12. Are you an ice box raider?	no	yes	yes	yes	no	yes	yes	no	
13. Would you wait half an hour to see Garbo come out of a shop?	yes	no	no	yes	no	yes	no	no	
14. Do you wake up happy?	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes	
15. Are you late for appointments?	no	no	no	yes	no	yes	no	yes	
	9	10	8	7	9	10	8	7	

Here is the Story that Wallace Beery has never told!



Wallace Beery and (inset) his brother William

"I'm going to tell you the truth about my kid brother," said the author of this amazing document, and he certainly does! You'll like it

by
William Beery

him "Jumbo"—got old enough to use his fists he became known as the toughest punk in the district. He whaled the devil out of any kid handy because he loved to fight. If he pitched into a fellow twice his size, I saved him. If the kid was anywhere his size, I saved the kid.

Wally proved in those days that he was aggressive, willing to scrap for what he could get. At fifty, he is still a fighter, not the easy-going, happy-go-lucky guy he pictures himself. The only difference between then and now is that for the first fifteen years he used his fists—and for the last thirty-five he has used his head.

MY YOUNGEST BROTHER, Wallace Beery, is the highest paid actor in the world. He receives more than five times as much money as does the President of the United States. He has held public favor for twenty-one years.

During this time he has been handing out a string of lies about himself. I think he has done this because he has been afraid that somebody might get the idea that he had a swelled head. The result is that the public has no idea of who the real Wally Beery is.

He has said during recent years that his father and mother "took one look at him and decided that they didn't want any more children;" that he was as dumb off-screen as he was on; that his success was just a lucky break and that he was a lucky guy anyway; that he never had learned to act and couldn't possibly learn; that he was a tramp who had run away from school because he couldn't get what the

teacher was talking about and a hundred other wild things. I know Wally better than any one else in the world. I'm going to tell you the truth about him.

I am fifty-six years old, six years older than Wally, who was born April 1, 1885. Noah, the motion picture villain, is half way between us in age. Noah Beery, our father, still alive and helped by Wally, was a Kansas City policeman. Margaret, our mother, who died a few years ago, was an overworked housewife. We—Wally, Noah and I—were born in the roughest, cheapest section of town. Muddy streets. Bawling brats. Mixed races. Street fights. Our folks were too busy scraping up enough for us to eat to pay much attention to what we did. From the first, Wally had to fight to live. God knows that with a start in those surroundings he had one chance in a thousand to succeed.

As soon as Wally—the kids called

● **WALLY DID NOT**, as he claims, leave school because he was too dumb to understand books. He was big for his age. Because our parents were poor we had to take frequent vacations—the working kind to help buy bread. That's why Wally was fourteen years old when he was in fifth grade. He simply got sick of the slow process of learning from books. He wanted to get knowledge from life itself, so he ran away.

He went to Illinois and Florida and other places. He was just a kid wandering alone in a big world. But he never wrote home to beg for money. Knew when he started that he'd be able to take care of himself, or he wouldn't have gone.

When he finally came home, Pa was pretty glad to see him.

"I'll buy you a new outfit," Pa said.

"Swell," said Wally. "I want a pair of them patent leather shoes."

Patent [Continued on page 48]

Harry Carr's Shooting Script

I DON'T KNOW about this girl Merle Oberon.

She has one of the most fascinating faces I have ever seen on the screen. There is a mysterious suggestion of Asia in her slant eyes. But she declines to be Javanese. She says that her father was an English army officer; her mother was half French and half Dutch and she was born in Tasmania. Her real name is Merle Estelle O'Brien Thompson. She got her name Oberon from O'Brien.

Much as the lady thrills me—to the marrow bones and beyond . . . a strict regard for truth compels me to observe that she can't act a lick. She could learn if she tried; but she seems more interested in making an intensive research into the night clubs of Hollywood. Her press agent says that she likes to pore over her reading; I think he must mean menu cards.

The producers have tried to induce her to be another mysterious unknown figure; but it doesn't seem to fit into her plans.

Mid-Summer Nights

I don't know if we are all headed for Mendelssohn and high brow music but I am reasonably sure that Max Reinhardt's first picture will be a sensation. It is a fantasy carried to the ultimate charm. The director fitted the picture to the music rather than the music to the play.

When cast for the low comedy part of Bottom, everyone kissed Cagney a



Merle Oberon may thrill Harry Carr, but look what she does to handsome David Niven! Rumored to be that way about each other, but both claim to be just pals. David, coming to Hollywood from England just for fun, so impressed Sam Goldwyn he was signed up for a film career here

sweet farewell but it is pretty sure to be the triumph of his career. Mr. Reinhardt probably doesn't know it himself but he got the chance to put Shakespeare on the screen because the Warner brothers thought that Mickie Rooney was funny. Which may result in the Clan Rooney making Shakespeare famous.

The Crusades

Cecil B. deMille has let himself go in his new picture *The Crusades*. Not excepting *Ten Commandments*, this is probably the most expensive picture he has ever made.

His research people spent a year on the historic details. His props include life-sized engines of ancient wars, some of the catapults, scaling towers and so on weighing many tons.

It promises to be the most virile and terrific picture he has made.

DeMille's pictures always leave me dazed and overwhelmed; but they do not always capture me.

I didn't like *Cleopatra* for instance. I didn't have the feeling that there was any kitchen in her palace and that she did not have a single mole; that she never got stomachaches or had corns. After all. . . . !

Anna Sten

Wedding Night saved Anna Sten's American career.

She is a lovely thing—one of the most beautiful women who has come to the screen; but she can't hold up under the slightest touch of artificiality. There is nothing exotic about her, as with Oberon; she is an earth woman. She needs the flavor and touch of the soil. In *Wedding Night* she was ideally cast as a Polish farm girl making her way in America.

At that, none of them can touch Garbo. There is something overwhelming in her personality—a depth that is never reached. Garbo has made some very bad pictures; she will never get to the place where a good picture will not bring her back. The others will easily be forgotten.

Seeing Ann

As was to have been expected the critics are hooting at the producers because they failed to see Ann Sothorn the first time.

When she came here as Harriette somebody or other with a brunette head of hair nobody gave her a tumble. She was just another one. Changing her name and her hue, she put over one after another—*Let's Fall In Love*, *Melody In Spring*, *Kid Millions*, *Folies Bergere*, *Eight Bells*.

The story goes that the experienced eye of Ziegfeld fell upon her and she was made. [Continued on page 52]

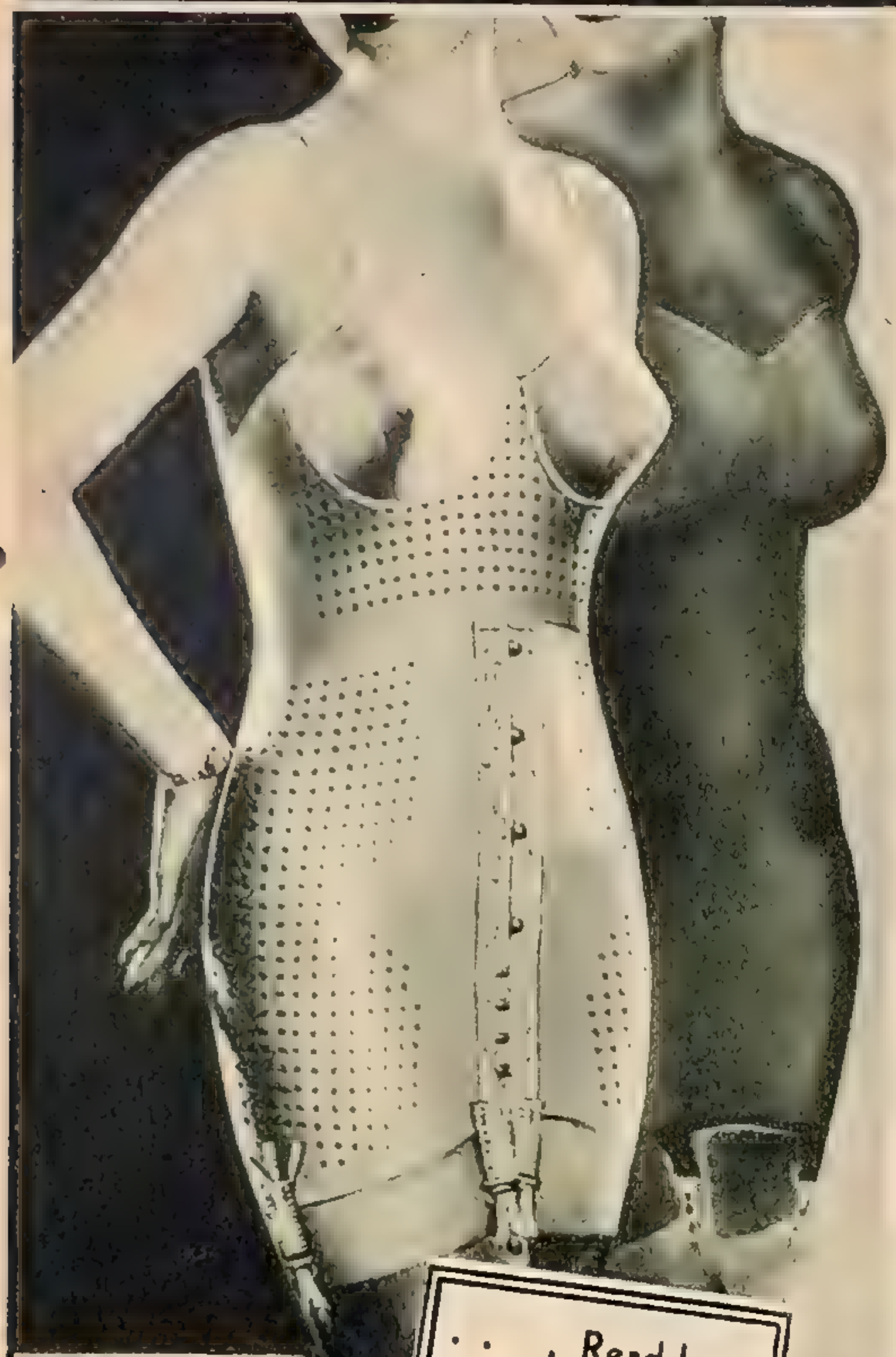


Anna Sten is an earth woman, says Carr. "Wedding Night" added to her Hollywood laurels



Harry Carr was halted in a stroll with Cary Grant by a Paramount cameraman for this informal shot

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TOPPER'S Film Reviews

If "Topper" waves his hat, it's grand. Otherwise—!

Gable, Young, Oakie in—



CALL OF THE WILD—(Twentieth Century) is a vigorous outdoor story based on Jack London's famous novel. Clark Gable, Loretta Young and Jack Oakie turn in performances that make this film a sure-fire hit. You may not be satisfied with the ending of the yarn, but you will leave with high praise for everyone, and especially Jack Oakie. His completely different comedy performance should bring him sledges of fan mail. Buck, the very beautiful and lovable St. Bernard dog, joins Oakie in stealing the picture. Wear a coat, because the snow shots of icy peaks will make you shiver in mid-summer. Scenically, this picture serves as a whole month's vacation trip taken in the comfort of your neighborhood theatre.

Mae West in—



GOIN' TO TOWN—(Paramount) Mae West's hips revolve more thoroughly than ever in this picture and the subtle conversation hits a new high in entertainment. If you haven't been sold on Mae before, you will undoubtedly "go West" on this picture. The story has more angles than Mae has curves, but you can see the possibilities when the voluptuous Mae takes the rôle of a western dance hall girl who has gained possession of a dead cattle rustler's riches. The action takes Mae into South America, and eventually abroad on a honeymoon. This show is worth seeing even from the last row in the balcony. Take the night off and be ready to laugh yourself silly.

McLaglen, Grahame, in—



THE INFORMER—(RKO) A story dealing with the Irish rebellion of 1922, this film presents Victor McLaglen on a one night spree. It is an unusual production that will provoke a great deal of comment. The story has been treated powerfully by Director John Ford. McLaglen is thoroughly convincing in the rôle of a thick-skulled man who turns informer on his closest friend, Wally Ford. The picture has its funny moments, but for the most part you will suffer through the ordeal of bitter regret with McLaglen, who turns in an amazing performance. Margot Grahame, Una O'Connor, J. M. Kerrigan, Neil Fitzgerald and Preston Foster will please you with their rôles. Musical effects help bring the picture to a tremendous climax that you won't forget.

Cagney, Dvorak, in—



G-MEN—(Warner Bros.) The nationwide cleanup of gangsters by federal government men—from whence comes the title—could not forever escape the attention of the film writers, and *G-Men* as the first of a cycle of such films sets an exciting pace. Several episodes from Dillinger's life and the Kansas City Union Station massacre are portrayed accurately by an excellent cast. The glory all goes to the government agents, with James Cagney at his very best as a G-Man. Regis Toomey, Margaret Lindsay and Ann Dvorak turn in fine performances. Edward Pawley is thoroughly convincing as the Dillinger of the film. You'll get a kick out of this one. [Continued on page 62]



Sally Eilers wears this dark blue lace gown in *Alias Mary Dow*. The novel neckline gathers at the top of very full sleeves, which are stiffened with horsehair and laid in cartridge pleats across the shoulders.

And what do you suppose makes the skirt hang so straight, like files on parade? No less than two pounds of lead weights suspended in the region of the knees! No matter how slimming, don't try it for dancing. You'll be black and blue after one fox trot.

A perfect example of how NOT to spend your money is her taxi-dancer's costume in this film . . . pink lace, pink soufflé drapes flying loose, and trailing cape with two rows of ostrich. It makes you look like you think you are too pretty for any use, and that's not style.

Fashions from the New Films

reviewed by Lyn Miller

TRENDS ARE rampant all over town, what with every designer going grimly in a different direction, and me wildly trying to work in a bustle on a peasant skirt and to figure out a redingote (see sketch) with a Grecian line.

The big trend at M-G-M is expected to start any minute from Adrian's gowns for Garbo's *Anna Karenina*. All of them burst out into bustles, loops, frills, bows and basques. Adrian started the pill-box hat of hateful memory, you recall, and the big sleeve vogue, so don't laugh too loud, too long, or too soon. He says that we'll be sporting modified bustles before the leaves fall. There is no denying that



an organdie get-up to which he gave his all is exquisite, but it carries no threat to this sober little person because I can imagine what would happen if you sat down on an organdie bustle just once.

But look out for trailing drapes in your wake, huge heavy bows of dress material and sleeves big from the elbow down.

Bernard Newman clings lovingly to the high waistline . . . almost princess . . . and to the redingote for Hepburn's *Break of Hearts*. That's your cue if you are tall, slim and of a sophistication.

● MAIN TREND at Paramount is the molded body line and flaring heavy skirts Travis Banton uses for Loretta Young in *The Crusades*. Know more about which way to jump when Travis gets back from Europe.

Rene Hubert at Fox is going wild over taffeta, over black and white together, over full skirts cut to flare madly at the bottom.

Vera West at Universal says to look out for millions of yards of ruchings and ruffles around the bottoms of your summer formals because of the Binnie Barnes clothes in *Diamond Jim Brady*, story of the man who was practically a walking jewel shop. Picture either will set the lads and lassies glittering like Christmas trees, or start a violent reaction to junk jewelry among nice people. My bet is we won't be wearing gobs of gimcracks in best circles.

Kallock at Columbia sponsors peplums for Grace Moore in *Love Me Forever*. Farther down the line you'll find the first report on her new gowns to hit print.

Orry Kelly at Br'r Warners' goes peasant on us with a vengeance, and gathers skirts from the waist.

Such doings!

But everywhere you turn an ear, there is the swish of taffeta . . . they all agree on that.

● TAKE A LONG fond look at Mae Clarke's gowns in *The Daring Young Man* for lots of bright ideas. Best suit is . . . hold on tight . . . burlap. . . . Same stuff they make gunny sacks from. It is very tailored, and



completely lined with dark brown taffeta including built-in petticoat. Horribly scratchy, but worth the suffering.

Watch out for the black taffeta afternoon suit. Good old hat daisies, some

black, some white, are caught by the points with fuzzy angora to the short jacket. Same flowers are scattered hither and yon on the white batiste blouse, and a yellow sash to match the daisy centers knots around the midriff. That old black dress can be made to look a creation this way.

Another first aid idea for a wilting wardrobe is her dinner dress with the great big paillettes scattered haphazard. They are nearly an inch long.

Somebody ought to tell Fox about newspaper women's salaries, for no good gal reporter ever could rise to get-ups like Mae Clarke's. But don't let that stop you casting a thoughtful glance at the black and white striped formal of stiff silk with the square bodice front and back, or from making a mental note of the huge wide skirt.

● Don't Miss Hepburn's pale blue slipper satin evening coat in *Break of Hearts*. New dodge in this redingote is pleats flying loose from the seams that nip the waistline, giving even more width to the flaring floor-length skirt. Notice also the pink satin high-waisted formal with the bias train that spreads like fish tails . . . the one worn with the

[Continued on page 41]

HOLLYWOOD REVEALS *the Secret of* BEAUTIFUL HAIR



Miss DOROTHY TREE
Feature Player

*Don't wash your hair
with suds...cleanse it
with **MAR-O-OIL***

SCREEN stars must have hair that glows and glistens—pliable hair that will withstand dressing two and three times a day—hair that is easily managed and waves that stay set longer—and they find that Mar-o-Oil is the one *All-Purpose* shampoo that will fulfill all these exacting demands. This amazing new soapless olive oil cleanser also rids hair and scalp of dandruff, dryness or excessive oiliness—*does not lather*—needs no soap—yet washes out with a *single rinse of clear warm water*.

Cleanse your hair like the screen stars—use Mar-o-Oil today! If you cannot see and feel a difference at once, we will refund your money. Get Mar-o-Oil at all drug or department stores. All leading beauty shops recommend and give Mar-o-Oil Soapless Olive Oil Shampoos.

Here's Why...

Top: Human hair *washed* with ordinary soap and magnified 200 times... Note scaly particles or foreign matter remaining.

BOTTOM: After *cleansing* with Mar-o-Oil. Note clean, smooth appearance... showing all accumulations of dandruff, grime, and caustic soap film removed. *The Hair is Clean!*



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Hollywood Fashions and Patterns

HOLLYWOOD Magazine's pattern service offers you a most distinctive summer costume this month in a fabric indispensable to any wardrobe—linen. Kathleen Burke of Paramount selected this brown and white linen suit because the added jacket makes this an all-purpose garment



Easy-to-follow patterns for Miss Burke's linen suit, pattern No. 938, will be mailed immediately on receipt of fifteen cents in coin or stamps, sent to Hollywood's Pattern Service, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Full instructions accompany each pattern



For informal hours this summer you'll find nothing more cool and comfortable than Kathleen Burke's cleverly designed linen suit, made in a one piece frock with white bodice accented in brown, and the brown linen jacket bordered in white. It is ready for you in sizes 14, 16 and 18, with 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Be sure to state size and bust when ordering.

Use coupon on page 40



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In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, captured this secret and created color harmony make-up... face powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized

in color tones to glorify the colorful beauty of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Now you may share, with famous screen stars, the luxury of color harmony make-up, Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured at leading stores.

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★ **POWDER...** Blending softly with her creamy skin, Max Factor's Rachele Powder is in perfect harmony with Ruby Keeler's brownette colorings. Delicate in texture, it creates a clinging, satin-smooth make-up that remains lovely for hours and hours.



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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>	
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		

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Ann Sheridan's Pongee Frock

If you add pretty Ann Sheridan's attractive pink cotton pongee frock to your summer wardrobe, you'll never be able to say, "I haven't a thing to wear!" Easily laundered, always ready for any informal occasion, you'll find this frock the handiest thing in your closet when Old Sol blazes down on warm days



936



HOLLYWOOD'S Pattern Service
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For the enclosed..... please send me Ann Sheridan Pattern No. 936—
Kathleen Burke Pattern No. 938 (circle which desired).

Size Bust

Check here if you wish the HOLLYWOOD Spring Fashion Magazine. ☐

Name

Street

City

Patterns, 15c each
Fashion Magazine, 15c

(With one or more patterns, Fashion Magazine will be sent for only 10c)

The kerchief tie of Roman striped linen adds just the right dash to Ann Sheridan's pongee frock. The belt can be made of the same material as the tie. The popular young Paramount player wears the scarf when the occasion contains a sport atmosphere, and chooses for accessories a white hat, gloves with gauntlets, and white sport shoes. This pattern, No. 936, comes in sizes 14, 16 and 18, with 36, 38 and 40 in. bust. Don't forget to order the Fashion Magazine.

HOLLYWOOD

Fashions From the New Films

(Continued from page thirty-seven)

tulle hood-cape. You can make that cape yourself with six layers of tulle if you can't restrain your feminine impulses.

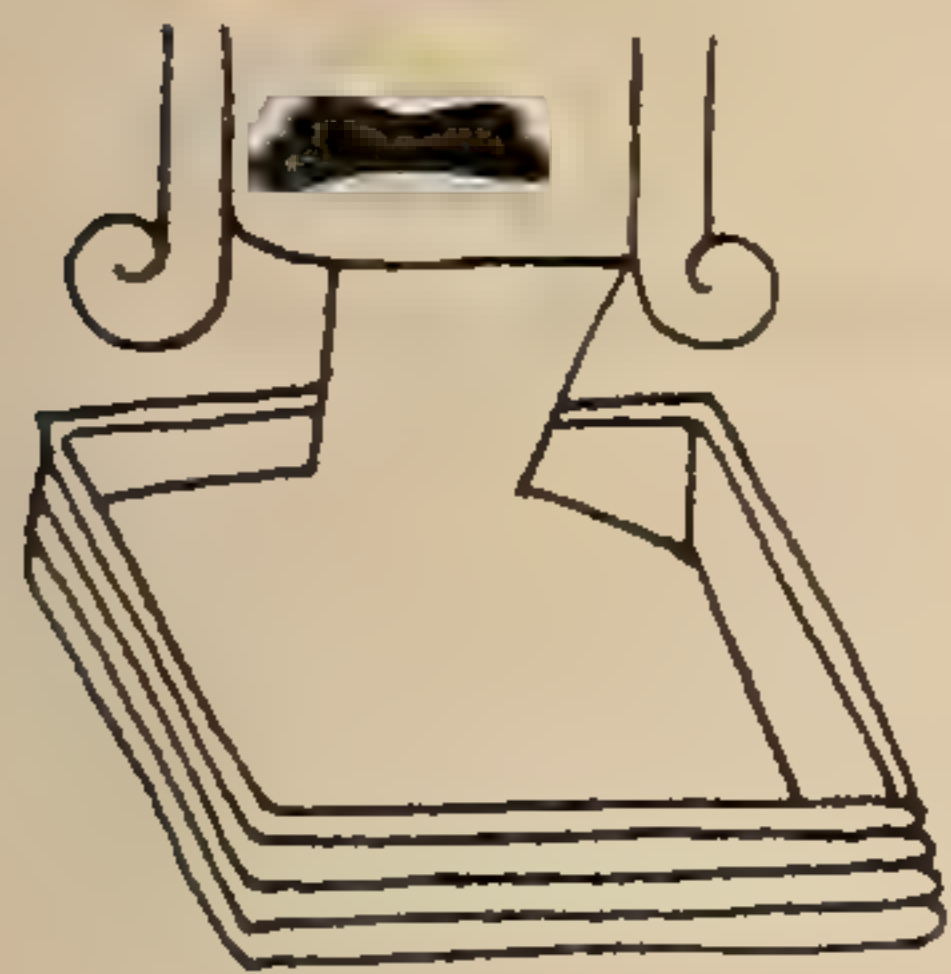
I think it is pretty ga-ga, but it will keep the hair in place if you don't mind looking like a Follies version of Little Red Riding Hood between home and party.

Good formal is her black slipper satin . . . lots of stiff silks these days . . . with the great wide skirt. The intricate trimming on the cape is no more than a box-pleated ruching of fringed, grey and white plaid ribbon . . . grabbing off such ideas means genius when it comes to whipping out little numbers in the home.

Stay away from that very spectacular white cape-coat. Knockout in front of the camera, it is hard to wear . . . too much weight in the back is my guess. Great hunks of satin drip from the neck and trail behind, making her look like a very chic ghost in a high wind. Has to be cut by a master hand, or you'll look like you're all tangled up in an out-sized nightgown.

● In *No More Ladies* you'll pick a new neckline on Joan Crawford's white crêpe hostess gown. Two inches of corded silk stand up like a fence over a pleated frill. Hers is wired, but you better use crinoline. Another new

collar line of importance is the "kite lapels" on her heavy blue wool suit. They fasten at the collar bone, hit from there to the shoulder tips in a straight line, and taper in an un-



compromising triangle to the waist. Her new hair-dress is a center part, ends only of the long bob curled, and very short smooth bangs . . . quite different from the sheep-dog fuzz we've been looking askance at on so many foreheads.

● If You are a push-over for clinging fabrics, watch for Grace Moore's gowns in *Love Me Forever*. A glorious get-up is blue soufflé, draping lovingly on the floor and bursting out over the hips in a peplum of the same stuff starched. Pom-pom of pleating finishes the low neck, and two fins of starched pleating fly over the shoulders. With this, La Moore has a hip-length cape of feathers. The feathers alone cost \$300, but if you know how to roll those organdie flowers on a knitting needle, try sewing them to a net foundation.

Her black [Continued on page 50]

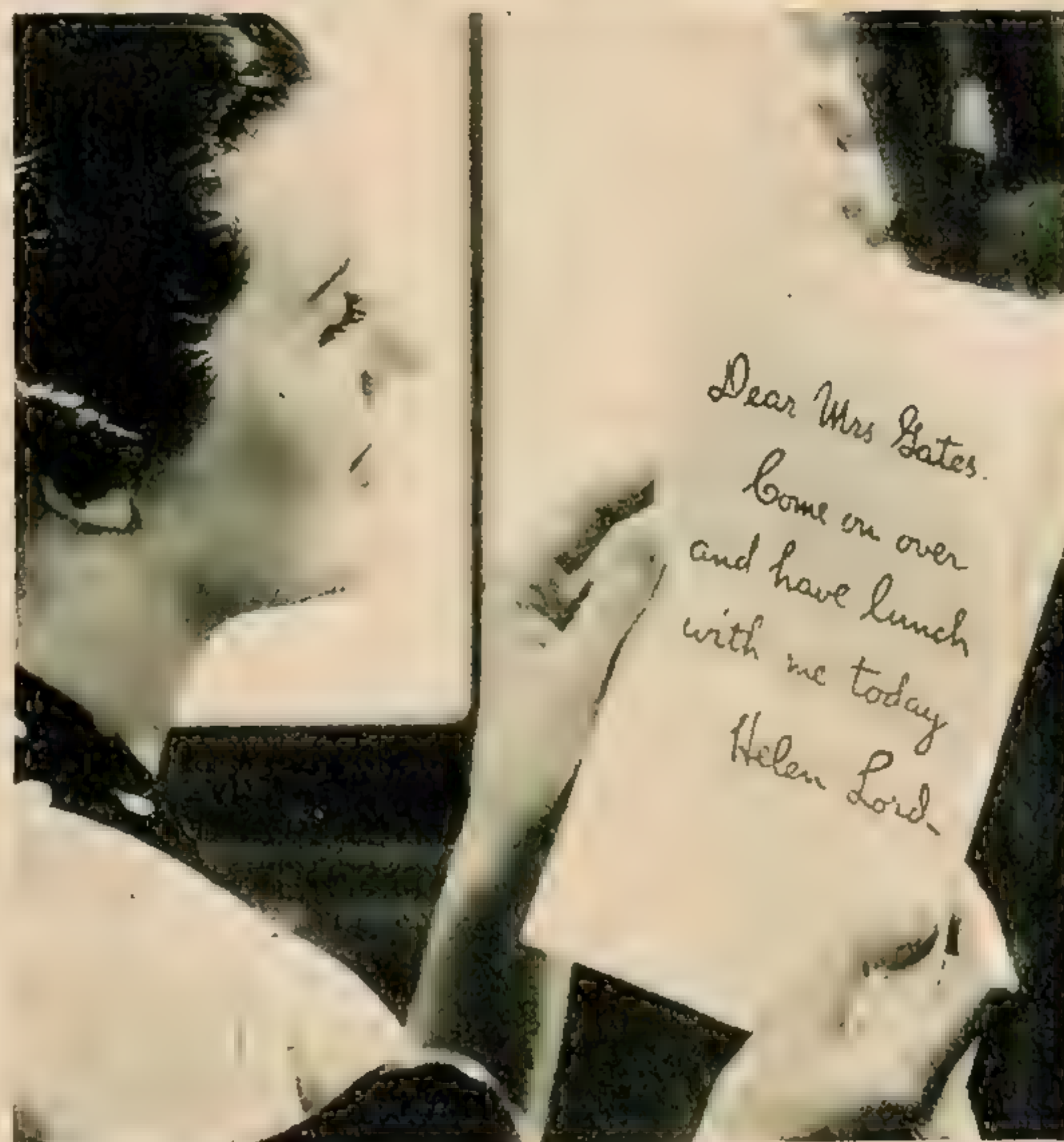
JULY, 1935

HOW CAN WE TELL THAT NICE MRS. GATES
—WITHOUT HURTING HER FEELINGS?



SEE?—HER WASHES
TELL SOME AWFUL
TALES—BUT I DON'T
WANT TO BREAK
THE BAD NEWS.

LEAVE IT TO
ME. I'VE GOT
AN IDEA.



Dear Mrs. Gates.
Come on over
and have lunch
with me today
Helen Lord



WHAT GORGEOUS
LINENS, MRS.
LORD! MINE
AREN'T HALF
SO WHITE.

I BET YOUR SOAP
LEAVES DIRT BEHIND
—THAT'S WHAT
GIVES CLOTHES
THAT TATTLE-TALE
GRAY LOOK.



NOW WHY DON'T
YOU CHANGE TO
FELS-NAPTHA? IT'S
RICHER GOLDEN SOAP
WITH LOTS OF NAPHTHA
IN IT! JUST SMELL!

M-M-M! NO
WONDER YOU
SAY IT GETS
ALL THE DIRT



FEW WEEKS LATER

MY, BUT JOAN
LOOKS PRETTY
TODAY. THAT
DRESS SHINES
LIKE SNOW.

MANY THANKS
TO YOU—AND
FELS-NAPHTHA
SOAP.

Do a little cheering of your own next washday! Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and see what a gorgeous wash you get!

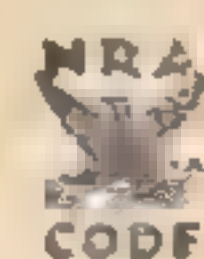
For Fels-Naptha doesn't skip over dirt as "trick" soaps do. It speeds out ALL the dirt—even the deep-down kind.

Fels-Naptha is a wonder for dainty things, too. Try it for silk stockings and undies. Fels-Naptha is kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Get some Fels-Naptha today! Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

© 1935, FELS & CO

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!



Everyone looks at
your *Eyes* first



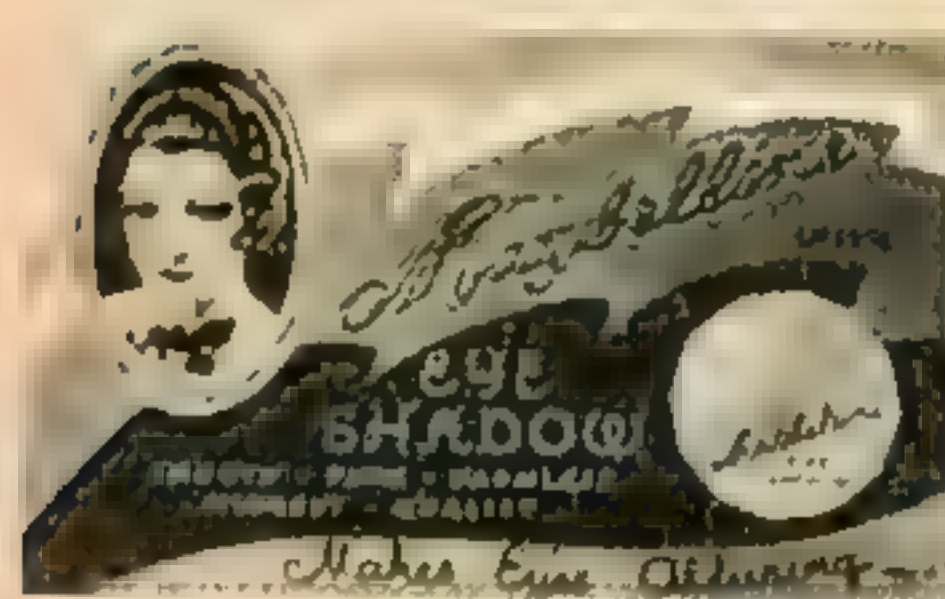
Make them attractive
with
Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



BLACK,
BROWN
AND BLUE



BLACK AND BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY,
VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

● You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is so easy to make them so instantly with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto—your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!

Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream—to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



Dorothy Page, featured in Universal's *Sing Me a Love Song*, has learned Max Factor's secrets for a pretty summer skin

Sun Tan—and Some Don't!

—but if your summer complexion isn't carefully watched, beware!

COMPLEXIONS AS CLEAR and delicate as those of the old-time southern belles are now the style—all because modern cosmetics make it possible in spite of summer tan. The modern miss can go out for her sport on the sand—yes, and her sunning, too—with a clear conscience, knowing that when she returns all she has to do is to apply her secret to give her skin the necessary pale lustre.

"That," Dorothy Page, auburn haired radio and screen star, says, "is the wonder of it. No girl likes to look so terribly white in her bathing suit—and this season when everybody is going in for the 'alabaster' type of skin you can't afford to look crisply brown in your soft pastels! It would be a big problem if it were not for this new preparation that blends right into the skin. By using it properly, you can be

sun-tanned all day if you like and then revert to a creamy complexion by night!"

Dorothy is an outdoors girl. She has always been fond of athletics and a good coat of tan is vastly becoming to her with her auburn hair and brown eyes. But the truth is, very few women look well with it. Unless you're quite young and a real athlete a heavy sun-tan is aging. It only exaggerates the lines of a tired or wrinkled face. So it pays to watch out for those not-so-tender sun rays. I can't begin to tell you the crimes I've seen committed in the name of the great god sun. Parched faces where it would take years for the natural oils to be renewed; blotchy lobster-like spots that spoiled many a girl's fun. To say nothing of faded hair and bleached eyebrows. Too much sun can utterly ruin your good looks.

by MAX FACTOR
Hollywood's Famed Beauty Doctor

HOLLYWOOD

Beauty Secrets for Summer Skins

● A LITTLE caution will prevent all this. Keep your skin well nourished with a good skin and tissue cream. When you go out wear a hat and be sure to use a lotion on your neck and arms that will blend the tone of them perfectly with your facial make-up and at the same time protect the skin so that it won't sunburn or freckle.

Of course, if you're the type like Dorothy that can go in for tan, then you'll want a particular kind of summer tan make-up for the beach especially. A blondeen shade of rouge that gives new life to the cheeks and eyes, a bright vermilion lipstick, brown eye-shadow and summer tan face powder. Don't make the mistake of using the same shade of cosmetics out in that blinding light that you used throughout the winter. The shades I've just described are for either blonde or brunette—if she's a devotee of the sun.

● BUT WHEN you step into your sprigged organdies or laces for the afternoon or evening it's something else again. This time you want to look enchantingly cool and white. Consequently if you're a fair type, change to flesh or rachelle powders; if you are dark there are several powders you can choose from to give you that clear, cool look. And, naturally, you change the color of your make-up blender for your arms and throat accordingly. Use flesh with flesh powder; rachelle with rachelle and brunette powders; natural with natural and olive powders. The way to use the blender is to smooth it on thinly and evenly with a downward stroke—not circular. Then rub it into the skin until dry.

As Dorothy says, "It's the hardest thing in the world to keep your cosmetics on evenly during hot weather—unless you use a good foundation cream. And it must be applied with very cold water. The colder the better. That makes it 'set' you see, and your make-up looks fresh all day.

"Personally, I like to keep my astringent lotion in the ice box, too. Then when you pat it on your skin it feels extra heavenly. The pores, especially of the nose, enlarge so with the heat and the finest thing to close them is ice cold astringent!"

● THE HAIR is something else that needs very special attention during the warm months. It should be washed oftener; it should be shaken and brushed thoroughly so that the air can get at the roots each night and again in the morning. If you swim a great deal and notice that the lustre is disappearing from your hair or that it is getting [Continued on page 51]

JULY, 1935

SEE HOW I LOOK SINCE I GAINED 12 POUNDS



It's a shame to be SKINNY

When Special Quick Way Adds 5 to 15 lbs. Fast

THOUSANDS who were "skinny" and friendless have gained solid, attractive flesh this new easy way—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm flesh—enticing curves—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new scientific process is now concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, constipation go, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 287, Atlanta, Ga.

*Posed by
professional
models*

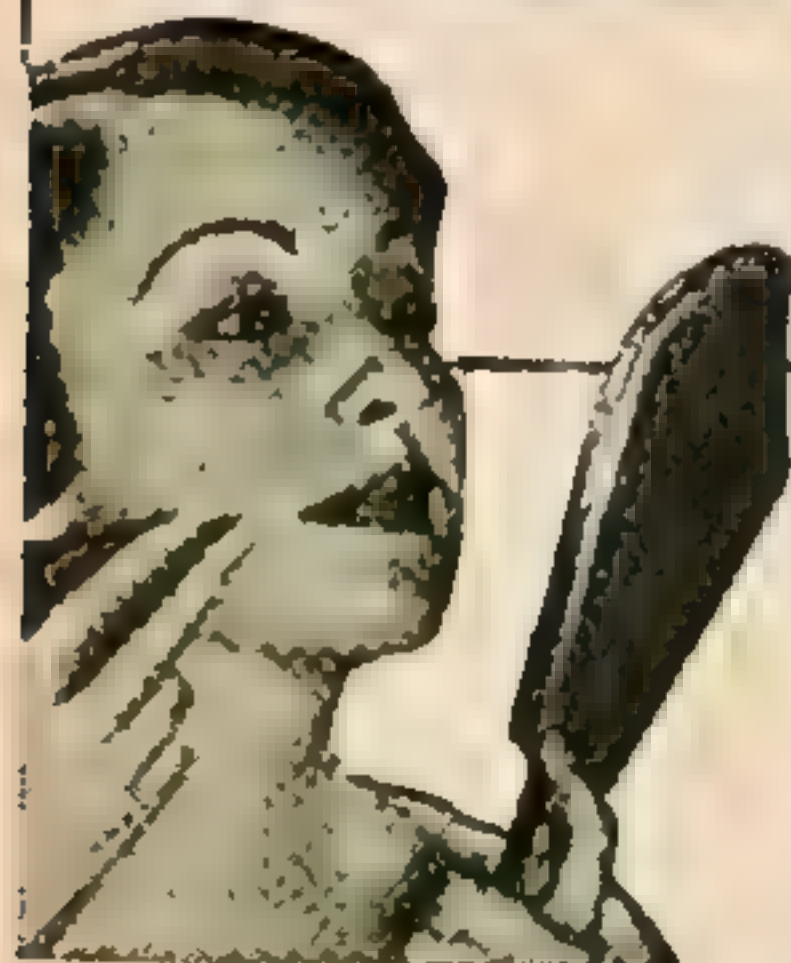




How to wash Blonde hair 2 to 4 shades lighter — safely!

BLONDES, why put up with dingy, stringy, dull-looking hair? And why take chances with dyes and ordinary shampoos which might cause your hair to fade or darken? Wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter with Blondex — safely. Blondex is not a dye. It is a shampoo made especially to keep blonde hair light, silky, fascinatingly beautiful. It's a powder that quickly bubbles up into a foamy froth which removes the dust-laden oil film that streaks your hair. You'll be delighted the way Blondex brings back the true golden radiance to faded blonde hair — makes natural blonde hair more beautiful than ever. Try it today. Sold in drug and department stores. Or get a generous trial package by sending 10c to cover mailing to Swedish Shampoo Laboratories, Dept. 77, 27 W. 20th Street, N. Y. C.

BROKEN-OUT, UGLY SKIN?



Amazing Help In Scientific Advance

NOT a mere cosmetic! Hydrosal is a scientific skin treatment, successfully used by doctors and hospitals for over 20 years. Here now is real relief from the itching, burning irritation of rashes, eczema, ringworm, pimples and similar skin outbreaks. Almost instantly you can feel it soothe and cool the tender, inflamed skin. Its

aststringent action refines the coarsened skin tissues. Promotes healing in burns and hurts, too. At all druggists in Liquid and Ointment forms: 30c and 60c. The Hydrosal Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Hydrosal for Common Skin Outbreaks

The Professional
PERMANENT EYELASH DARKENER



"Dark-Eyes"
PERMANENT DARKENER

Swim or Cry—Never Fades or Runs



Just think!—One simple application of "Dark-Eyes" darkens eyelashes and brows for 4 to 5 weeks! Not a mascara. Non-smarting. Absolutely safe—approved. Easily applied. Used by leading beauty salons.

"Dark-Eyes" Laboratories, Dept. 10-G
412 Orleans St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes." I enclose 25c (coin or stamps). Regular Size, 12 Apps. \$1.00.

Name _____ City _____
Address _____ State _____



Salad Days are Here!

Jean's first salad nearly ended her salad career, but when she stirs one up these days it's a family event

Jean Parker tells how she prepares these luscious dishes

By MARY MAITLAND

IT DOESN'T SEEM possible that a girl the size and age of little Jean Parker could be proficient in so many arts. But the fact remains that she is. I have just learned that, along with her sketching, dancing and dramatic ability, she is a capable little cook. Not only can she make a nice batch of biscuits, but she frequently does so. And when the cook disappears for the day, she won't allow anyone else to do anything in the kitchen, when she is home. As with everything else that she does, she has made an art of her cooking and has enough original recipes to fill a book.

Biscuits are her piece de resistance, where foods are concerned. They melt in your mouth, if you happen to be her guest when she is in a biscuit mood. She uses a regular biscuit

recipe, but instead of using milk or water, she substitutes orange juice. She is quite fond of oranges and brings them into her favorite recipes wherever possible.

"It was one of the proudest moments of my life," she confided, "when a national cooking expert used my recipe for baking turkey with oranges on her Thanksgiving radio hour last year. I was terribly thrilled, because the recipe was one of my own, which I had made up after numerous experiments.

"I made any number of dishes in which I use oranges, tangerines and grapefruit. I like to use sun-ripened fruit wherever possible. That is one reason I am so happy in my new home, because I have all three fruits in my garden. And it starts my day off right

HOLLYWOOD

to go out early in the morning and pick my fruit, fresh from the trees for breakfast. I get up around five in the morning, during the summer months, and when I go out to pick the oranges and grapefruit, there is usually dew on the grass. I can't tell you how grand it makes me feel. If people only knew it, the early morning hours are as good as a tonic, and worth losing an extra hour's sleep for the good they do one.

"I have cooked ever since I was about ten years old and I really like to cook. When I was small, I lived at home and mother dressed flower windows and I took care of the house and the babies for her. During the holidays her work was quite heavy and she had long hours and I began cooking lunch for her, at first. Then, later I learned to cook all the plain foods.

"I remember the first time I ever cooked her lunch it was a big surprise to her. Everything was fine, too. I had potatoes and meat and a fruit salad. The salad was a bitter disappointment to me, although mother insisted it was the best she had ever eaten. I had made it exactly right, but I added some large Bing cherries, which I knew she liked. The dark juice ran down and colored the salad purple and it certainly looked messy. I felt pretty awful about it.

"On another occasion, when mother was sick I cooked a chicken for her. I almost became a vegetarian through the experience, too. I wanted to make broth and I simply could not kill the chicken, because I had raised it. A neighbor woman offered to do the deed, so I took it over to her. The shock of witnessing its execution was almost too much for me. I couldn't eat a bite of it, although I did make a good stew and a nice broth for mother.

● "I AM FOND of salads. I haven't ever dieted. It has really been the other way round with me. Several times, I have had to eat certain foods in an effort to put on weight. I usually lose weight on a picture. I lost several pounds when I was working in *Sequoia*. Especially the last few months as I was working in two pictures at the same time and taking tests for others that were coming up.

"There was a certain strain and nervous tension to *Sequoia*, too, many of the scenes being made at night. And night work is always disagreeable and nerve-racking.

"I find that when I work too hard at the studio, if I come home and slip into a bungalow apron and putter around the kitchen that I relax immediately and feel much better. I would much rather bake a cake or try out a new recipe in the kitchen, than go out dancing and dining at the Coconut Grove or places like that.

"It is only recently that I have been able to make good cakes. I used to watch them too closely. You know most cakes take from fifteen to thirty

JULY, 1935



Film may be the cause remove Film this special way

DON'T fool yourself about film! It can be the forerunner of one or all of the troubles pictured above.

"But in removing film, why use one dentifrice rather than another?" you may ask. On that point, too, you need have no doubts. Many tooth pastes and tooth powders may claim to attack film. Pepsodent's *sole duty* is to REMOVE FILM—and to keep film off teeth *safely*. To both the dental profession and the public alike, Pepsodent is known as the "special film-removing tooth paste."

Common sense reason for effectiveness and safety

To convince you of film-removing power, Pepsodent depends neither on advertising tricks nor "hard-to-believe" claims. We state facts only—facts brought out in scientific study. You know about that sticky coating that constantly forms on your teeth. Dental authorities agree that this stubborn coating, which we call film, should be removed daily.

And, now, in Pepsodent, is a revolutionary cleansing and polishing material, recently developed. This material is unexcelled in film-

removing power. No other leading dentifrice contains it! And is it safe? So safe that in impartial tests Pepsodent has been proved the least abrasive . . . therefore *softest*—of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders.

So, between visits to your dentist, remove ugly, dangerous film daily with Pepsodent. No grit in Pepsodent. No risk of harming precious enamel as with mere "bargain" ways.

To help keep breath pure

In many cases, offensive breath may be traced to decaying food particles between the teeth. Daily brushing with Pepsodent Tooth Paste helps remove these food particles . . . thus acts to combat one of the most common causes of unpleasant breath.

10% more Pepsodent

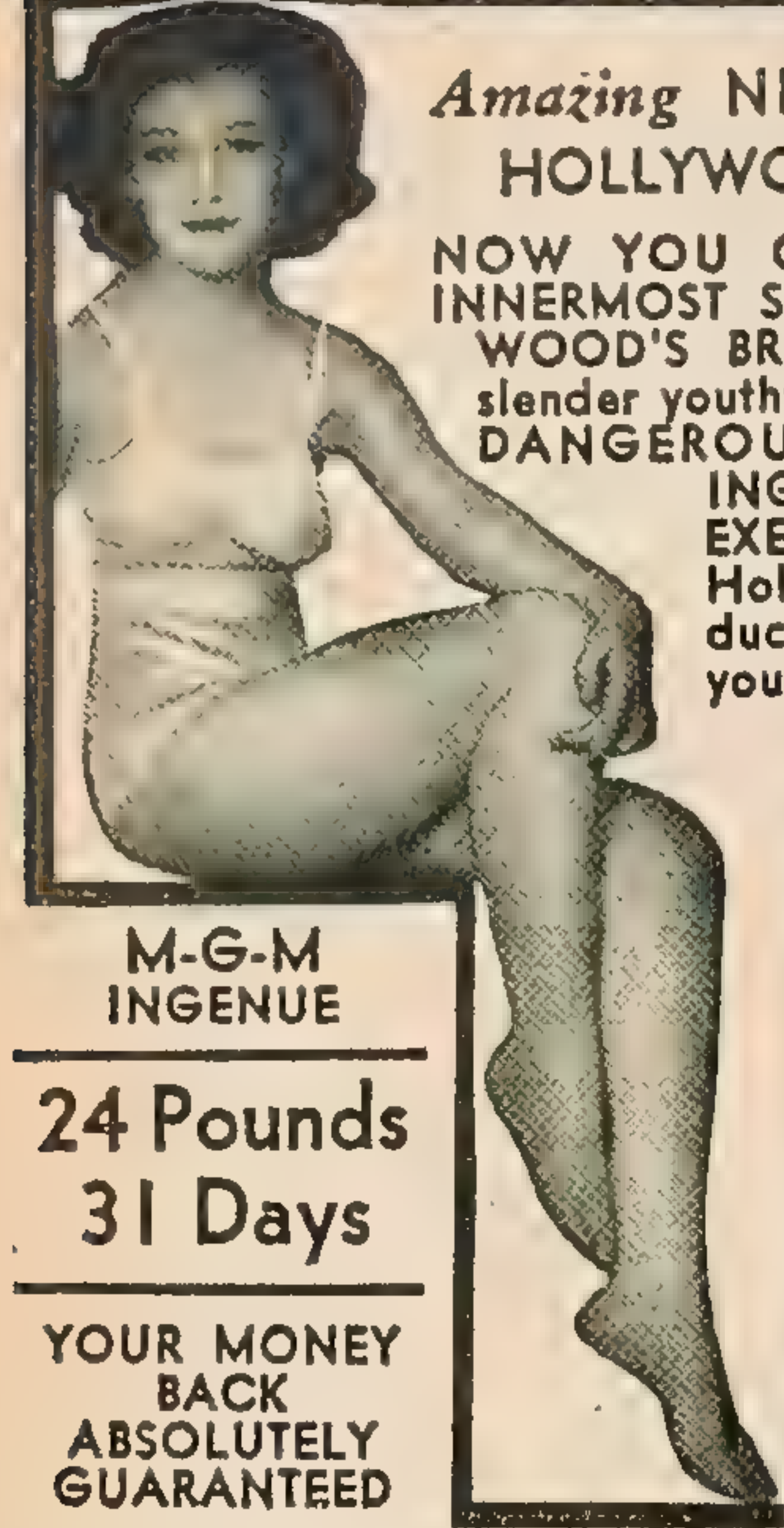
in the new tube—dealers are selling it at

a new low price!

YOU GET MORE! YOU PAY LESS!

PEPSODENT the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

REDUCE WEIGHT GUARANTEED



M-G-M
INGENUE

24 Pounds
31 Days

YOUR MONEY
BACK
ABSOLUTELY
GUARANTEED

Amazing NEW HARMLESS
HOLLYWOOD METHOD

NOW YOU CAN SHARE THE
INNERMOST SECRET OF HOLLY-
WOOD'S BRIGHTEST STARS. A
slender youthful figure WITHOUT
DANGEROUS DRUGS, STARV-
ING OR STRENUOUS
EXERCISE, by following
Hollywood Starr's Re-
duce-eazy method; trim
your figure to today's
fashionable lines,
become irresistibly
attractive. EAT
WHAT YOU LIKE,
AS MUCH AS YOU
LIKE.

Fat Magically
Disappears!

Fat imperils your
heart and health no
matter how fat you
are, or what you
have tried you need
waste no more time
on worthless
imitations.

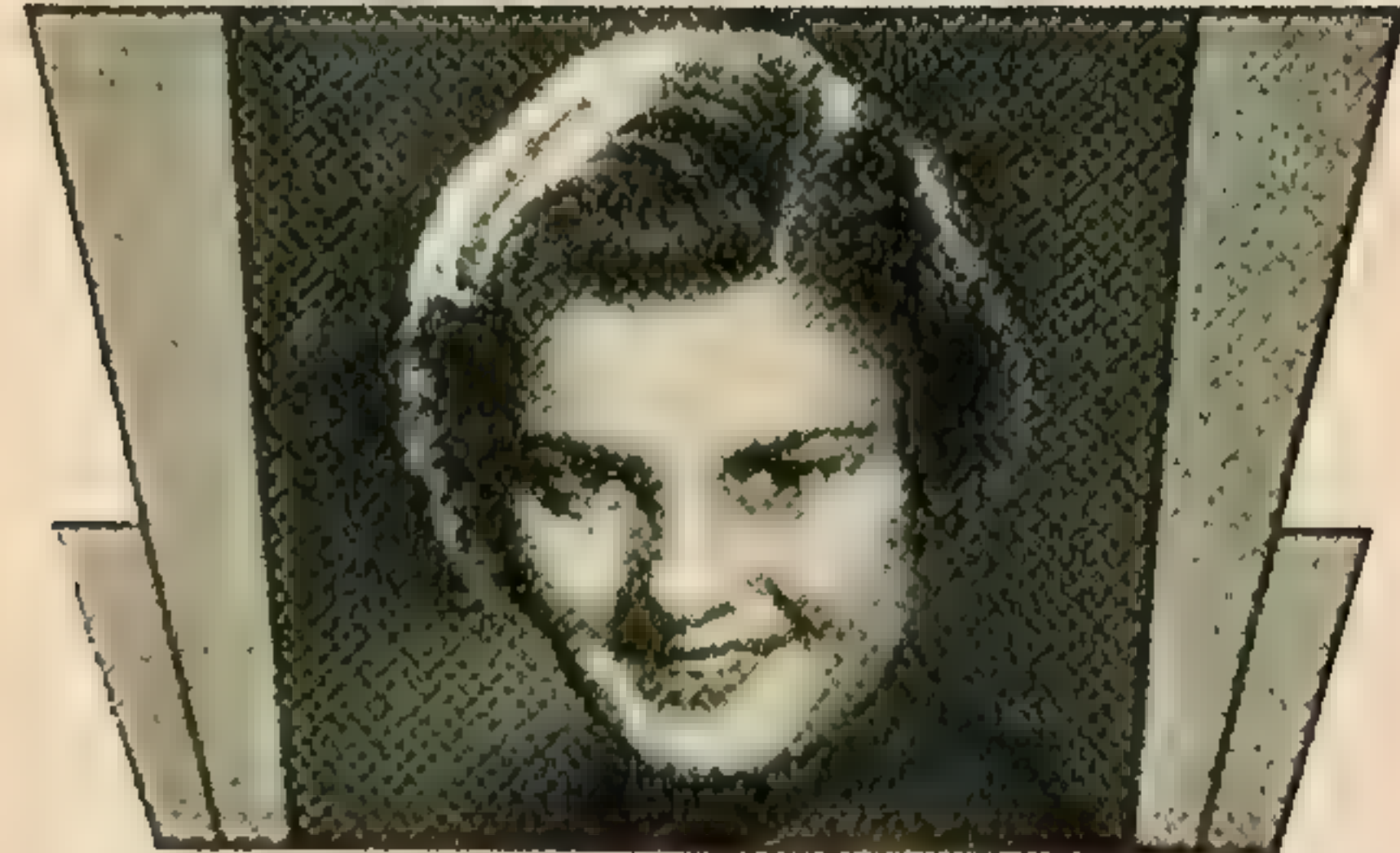
NO RECORDED FAILURES

READ: Mrs. R. (Conn.) says lost 24 pounds 31 days
after every other method failed. Mrs. E. J. (Penn.)
lost 17 lbs. in 40 days; look and feel 10 years younger.
By Following Simple Directions.

TRY NOW FREE 30-DAY MONEY BACK TRIAL #1
TRIAL PACKAGE AND PRICELESS BOOK 25c.
Send for Reduce-eazy book and tablets NOW!

HOLLYWOOD STARR PRODUCTS, LTD.
DESK 303, BOX 395 — HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using
Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible
particles of aged skin are freed and all
defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and
large pores disappear. Skin is then beauti-
fully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks
years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out
your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.
Phelactine removes hairy growths
—takes them out—easily, quickly
and gently. Leaves the skin hair free.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Sim-
ply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint
witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.



2 Perfumes

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells
regularly at \$12.00 an ounce. Made
from the essence of flowers:—

Two Odors:
(1) Admiration
(2) Gardenia

Send only

A single drop
lasts a week!

20¢

To pay for postage and handling send
only 20c (silver or stamps) for 2 trial bot-
tles. Only 1 set to each new customer. 20c!

Redwood Treasure Chest: Contains 4—50c
bottles of per-
fume selling at \$2.00 an ounce — (1) Hollywood Bouquet,
(2) Persian Night, (3) Black Velvet, (4) Samarkand. Chest
6x3 in. made from Giant Redwood Trees of California. Send
only \$1.00 check, stamps or currency. An ideal gift. \$1.00!
PAUL RIEGER, 223 First Street, San Francisco, Calif.

minutes to bake. I could never wait that
long to see if they were going to be all
right. I would wait and wait and finally
my curiosity would get the better of me
and I would peep inside. And then my
beautiful cake would collapse right in
front of my eyes, and that was usually
that. But I have learned to use a little
will power in the kitchen and I make as
good cakes as anyone now. I have good
luck with candy, especially peanut brit-
tle. I am always careful not to use any-
thing except fresh roasted peanuts. They
lose their taste when they are even the
least bit stale.

"For breakfast, I usually have fresh
grapefruit or oranges, crumpets and jas-
mine tea. I like jasmine tea because of
its pretty little flowers. I don't drink
much coffee through the week. I find I
get more energy from tea. After my
breakfast, I sketch, or dance to the radio,
or, if hard scenes are looming ahead of
me, I study my lines until time to go to
the studio. I always have breakfast from
two to three hours before time to go to
the studio.

"Sunday breakfasts are different, of
course. I always make orange biscuits
or cream waffles on Sunday. Tommy (her
adopted brother) loves my waffles and
biscuits. Our food tastes are practically
the same.

● "I WANT To tell you how to bake ham
like I do. Everybody, who tastes it,
tells me it is the best ever. I get a whole
ham, from seven to ten pounds, and cut
off the small end. I use the portion I
cut off next day for split pea soup or some
other dish. I put the large ham in a
roaster and fill the pan half full of water.
Then I put in a handful of cloves, the
juice from a large size can of pineapple,
the juice of four oranges, a glass of tart
jelly, either plum or currant; then, if I
have any kind of fruit juice in the ice
box, such as pickled peach juice or some-
thing similar I put that in also. I have
the oven piping hot, when I put in the
roast, which is covered. Then, as soon
as the water around the ham begins to
boil, I turn the oven down low and let
it bake for from two and a half hours
to three hours, depending on the size of
the ham. A ten-pound ham will take
fully three hours to cook well done. As
soon as it is thoroughly baked, I remove
from the oven and let it stand until cool.
It will take two or three hours to get
entirely cool. Then, I remove the rind
from the outside of the ham and rub the
entire surface with brown sugar. I then
take the pineapple rings from the can,
which I opened for the juice, and attach
them to the ham by means of toothpicks.
Next, I put the ham back in the oven and
turn it up to medium and let it cook for
another three-quarters of an hour, until
it is quite hot again and the surface is
well-browned.

It is then ready to serve. After I have
placed the ham on a platter, I put cherries
in the center of each pineapple ring and
it is really the most delicious tasting and
looking ham you can get.

The secret of its flavor is in letting it
cool in its own juice, then reheating."

● I HAVE TRIED Jean's recipe and it is
all that she claims for it and, if her
directions are followed in the order she
gives them, it is quite easy to prepare.
Here are her favorite salad recipes:

JEAN PARKER SALAD

1 can tomato soup
1 tablespoon gelatin

½ cup cold water
1 bunch green onions
½ green pepper
2 tablespoons vinegar
3 pkgs. Philadelphia cream cheese
1 cup mayonnaise
3 celery hearts
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar

Put the gelatine into the cold water and
let it soak first. Put on the stove one full
can of tomato soup and mix with the
Philadelphia cream cheese, until both are
well heated and add the gelatin, mixing
it with the soup and cheese while warm.
Also add salt, small bit of pepper, sugar
and vinegar. Then set it aside to cool
before adding the green vegetables, other-
wise they will have a wilted appearance.
Then, chop fine the onions, celery hearts,
green pepper; and, after first ingredients
have cooled sufficiently, mix all together.
Then, mix again with the mayonnaise,
put in noodle ring, mold and set in ice
box until ready to serve. Place the salad
on lettuce leaves and garnish with French
dressing.

GOLD SALAD

2 tablespoons gelatin
½ cup pineapple juice
1 cup orange juice
¼ cup powdered sugar
½ cup nut meats
1 cup chopped peaches
1 cup chopped red cherries
1 cup whipped cream
¾ cup mayonnaise

Soak gelatin in cold pineapple juice,
dissolve over hot water. Add orange
juice and sugar. When cold and begin-
ning to thicken, add nut meats, chopped
fruit, mayonnaise and whipped cream.
Pour into a mold. To serve, unmold on
a platter and surround with small crisp
leaves of lettuce.

Life Begins at Birth

(Continued from page eighteen)

Jan. 28th, 1910. I don't like the 28th.
Confuses people and cuts down the
take. No birthday presents I could
hock for two years.

Jan. 28th, 1911. I hate the 28th. No take
for three years. Decided to circum-
navigate to the right and find that day.
Anyway I'll make them think it's a
return engagement. Hope the natives
smell better.

Jan. 28th, 1912. They don't. Still looking
for that confounded day. Haven't
found it yet. Getting weary. Need
sleep. Alack-a-day! . . . That's good!
Guess I'll be a humorist.

Jan. 29th, 1913. Everything's rosey!
Found the day floating around the
high seas between Auckland, N. Z.,
and Ponga-Ponga, Samoa. What a
place for a day!

Jan. 29th, 1914. Take much better this
year. Strange things happened. Tried
playing billiards on a rough sea. Lost
game but found a gag. Decided to go
to Europe. Sent out birthday announce-
ments. Debit \$4.50; Credit \$43.20 at
Uncle Abe's. Drat that diamond pin!
Only brought a quarter. . . . War de-
clared. Decided to stay right in Ponga-
Ponga. . . . The raider Emden reported

HOLLYWOOD

coming around. Decided to go home now. Cabled Dillingham. Told me to come and join *Watch Your Step*.

Jan. 29th, 1915. Watched my step and for the cruiser Emden while travelling thirty-nine days and nights. Opened show; used billiard table gag; canned after first performance, thereby establishing all-time record for length of time travelling to a one-night stand. Guess I'll glorify Ziegfeld.

Jan. 29th, 1916. Still glorifying Ziggy.

Jan. 29th, 1917. Asked for a raise. Got it! . . . And a nasty telegram after he's thought it over.

Jan. 29th, 1918. Hear the war's over, but I'm still being glorified. Feels nice. . . . What women!

Jan. 29th, 1919. Still with Ziegfeld; beginning to feel like a show girl myself. No change in appearance.

Jan. 29th, 1920. S. W. Z. There's no future in this.

Jan. 29th, 1921. S. W. Z. And getting sleepier every day.

Jan. 29th, 1922. S. W. Z. I've got to get some sleep.

Jan. 29th, 1923. I got it! Woke up to find that I'm not still with Ziggy. Am in *Poppy* with Madge Kennedy. Must inquire how it happened. Drat this sleeping!

Jan. 29th, 1924. Am now being *Scandalized* by George White. Feels very nice. Glad I'm the only juggler in the company.

Jan. 29th, 1925. Paramount has found out that I have a good speaking voice for silent pictures.

Jan. 29th, 1926. Still on the pay-roll, but every picture is worse than the last. Decided not to ask for a raise—yet.

Jan. 29th, 1927. Paramount started making talkies. They decided I had a better speaking voice for the stage. Drat!

Jan. 29th, 1928. Earl Carroll thinks that I can balance the beauty of an entire chorus. Always did like juggling. . . . What an act!

Jan. 29th, 1929. Originated bath-tub juggling act but somebody stole my gag. Drat!

Jan. 29th, 1930. Hammerstein opened *Ballyhoo*. We closed Bally-bust. . . . Hear there's a depression.

Jan. 29th, 1931. Yes, there is a depression. Got one five-cent cigar to commemorate the day. Even Uncle Abe wouldn't take it. Hear Hollywood wants new faces. Think I'll go back as a show-girl, new type.

Jan. 29th, 1932. They don't want my type. The depression is over but the panic is on. I had a good idea and put my money in a bank. The idea was better than the bank. Drat! Still not in pictures or in anything else. Drat prohibition! We have freedom but no free lunches. Drat everything!

Jan. 29th, 1933. Success at last! Remembered the adage of my old Chinese friend, Peiping Tom. Peeped in a couple of windows at Paramount, found an empty room, climbed in and put my name on the door. As far as anyone knows I came in the gate.

Jan. 29th, 1934. Well, Caesar had his Brutus; Napoleon had his Wellington; Charles had his Cromwell—and W. C. Fields has his Baby LeRoy. . . . Think I'll go on another world tour. . . . Drat!

Jan. 25th, 1935. No world tour. Baby LeRoy is growing up. Am grooming Tammany Young for the baby's spot.

JULY, 1935

**12 LBS. IN
3 WEEKS-AND
SHE THOUGHT
SHE WAS
NATURALLY
SKINNY!**

**Here's a
Quick Way
to Put on
10 to 15 lbs. of
Good Solid Flesh
and Feel Like a
Million Dollars!**

**Kelpamalt, New Mineral Concentrate, Corrects IODINE STARVED GLANDS—
Most Common, Unsuspected Cause of SKINNINESS**

**5 Lbs. in 1 Week Guaranteed
Even On Scrawniest Men and
Women or Money Back**

Thousands of thin, pale, rundown folks—and even “naturally skinny” men and women—are amazed at this new easy way to put on healthy needed pounds quickly. Gains of 15 to 20 lbs. in one month, 5 lbs. in 1 week, are reported regularly. J. R. writes—“Always thought I was naturally skinny but in 3 weeks I have gained 12 lbs. on Kelpamalt.”

Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of skinniness—IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic—but the same iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach and lettuce. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get NATURAL IODINE as well as 12 other needed body minerals in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now considered the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 Kelpamalt tablets contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1660 lbs. of beef. More iron and copper than 2 lbs. of spinach

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products—sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

**Comparison of Minerals in
KELPAMALT vs.
VEGETABLES**

**3 Kelpamalt Tablets
Contain:**

1. More Iron and Copper than 1 lb. of spinach, 7½ lbs. fresh tomatoes, 3 lbs. of asparagus.
2. More Calcium than 1 lb. of cabbage.
3. More Phosphorus than 1½ lbs. of carrots.
4. More sulphur than 2 lbs. of tomatoes.
5. More Sodium than 3 lbs. of turnips.
6. More Potassium than 6 lbs. of beans.
7. More Magnesium than 1 lb. of celery.

or 15 lbs. of fresh tomatoes. More calcium than 1 doz. eggs. More phosphorus than 3 lbs. of carrots.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you feel, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes, how firm flesh appears in place of scrawny hollows—and the new energy and strength it brings you. Kelpamalt is prescribed and used by physicians. Fine for children, too. Remember the name, Kelpamalt, the original kelp and malt tablets. Nothing like them, so don't accept imitations. Start Kelpamalt today. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in 1 week the trial is free.

100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use and may be had at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply,

send \$1.00 for introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 480, 27-33 West 20th Street, New York City.

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Kelpamalt
Tablets**

(KNOWN IN ENGLAND AS VIKELP)

LOSE FAT



LOST 32 lbs.

...felt fine while doing it!

SAYS CALIFORNIA LADY

● Have you tried to lose fat and failed? Do not be discouraged. Do as Mrs. Emma Hill, R. F. D. 4, Box 341, Anaheim, Calif., did. She writes: "I lost 32 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS after other methods failed. I feel fine and have felt fine all the time I was taking them." Others tell of reducing in varying amounts, as much as 80 lbs., and report feeling better while losing this excess weight, and afterwards.

NURSE LOST FAT

... Recommends Easy Way

● Miss Louise Langham, Graduate Nurse, 1286 Treat Ave., San Francisco, Calif., writes: "In my work I have met many people who have ruined their health by unsuccessful efforts to reduce. My own experience with RE-DUCE-OIDS has been so satisfactory that I recommend them to others. I lost 27 lbs. and never felt better." This Graduate Nurse knows the care with which a reducing preparation should be selected.

Important to you: RE-DUCE-OIDS absolutely DO NOT contain the dangerous drug, Dinitrophenol. Expert chemists test every ingredient.

So easy to use RE-DUCE-OIDS! Just a small tasteless capsule, according to directions.

FAT GOES...or no cost to you!

● If you are not entirely satisfied with the results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS, you get your money back! You risk no money! Start today before fat gets another day's headway. Sold by drug or department stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package or \$5.00 for 3 packages direct to us. (Currency, Money Order, Stamps, or sent C.O.D.). In plain wrapper.

FREE! valuable book

Tells "HOW TO REDUCE." Not necessary to order RE-DUCE-OIDS to get this book. Sent free.



GOODBYE, FAT!

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Send me the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE."
If you wish RE-DUCE-OIDS check number of packages here:

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The Story Wallace Beery Has Never Told

(Continued from page thirty-four)

leather was a novelty in those days. Pa agreed to buy them. Then he suggested getting the kid a blue suit. A lot has been written about Pa having his uniforms made over for me, of me passing them on to Noah, and Noah handing them down to Wally. Wally's reply to Pa was enlightening.

"The hell you will," he said. "I'll never wear a blue suit again as long as I live, after them uniforms."

Wally has kept his word.

He has always claimed that he was lazy and shiftless. This isn't true. His first regular job was in a Santa Fe round-house rubbing down engines. The gang he worked with rubbed his face with oily rags while he slept, played other tricks which made life tough for him—but he stuck. After months of this work, he got a job in a bolt and nut factory. Maybe this sounds like Wally was taking any old job, but he wasn't. He always has been mechanically minded. As a kid he was monkeying around with any machinery he could get his hands on, finding out what made it work. And he made things himself. He could have developed into a fine mechanic if he hadn't decided on the stage. He got interested in stage work and figured he could make more money using his head instead of his hands.

When I was twenty-one I went with Sells-Forepaugh circus. Wally thought this was pretty romantic. He joined me in Chicago. The first night we put him on the head of an elephant and told him to ride her to the railroad station in the rain. She knew he didn't know anything about riding. She tossed him into a mud puddle. Being thrown didn't scare him. It challenged him.

Wally has a stubborn streak about which he doesn't say much. So has an elephant. Wally won. He learned to handle her and other elephants. He stuck for a year. Then he went to New York City, fired with the idea of being an actor. The circus had given him the idea. He was first a chorus boy.

Later he went back to Kansas City. He heard that Noah was getting to be a big shot, mainly through singing. Wally went right down and started taking vocal lessons. If Noah could sing, so could he! Singing was easy for him. Anything he was interested in was easy for him.

● Now, We Get to Wally's acting. For years he has been running around claiming that he never bothered much to learn the business. He went with the Willis-Wood stock company in Kansas City and worked night and day learning everything he could about show business. He always slips over this part of his life with a convenient yawn when he is telling the story. The truth is that he not only spent every waking hour gathering information, but that he had one of the finest advisers and teachers in the country.

In those days his mentor was Theodore Roberts, famous and much-loved character actor, who appeared in motion pictures for several years prior to his death. Perhaps you remember him with Wallace Reid. He was generally conceded to be one of the finest character men in America.

Wally knew what he was doing when he walked into that theatre, knew what

he was doing every hour he ever spent in it—and was consumed by an ambition to make good. Wally will hate to have me say this, but he thought he was good—and was good. It wasn't long before he was a star at the Astor Theatre in Kansas City. Not by luck, as he claims, but by sweat and struggle.

He built his success on the stage with Raymond Hitchcock and later in motion pictures on this firm foundation. Today he howls that monkeys and horses are good actors, too, and that you don't have to think to act—but somehow monkeys and horses haven't his draw at the box office.

Wally frequently sets himself up as a dullard. I remember that back in 1913, when Wally was making *Sweedie* comedies for Essanay in Chicago at \$75 a week, Noah arrived there with *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, a stage play. The leading man had been taken ill. Noah called Wally at 9 a. m., asked him to play the rôle at 2 p. m. Wally went on the stage letter perfect in his part.

Remember this—during his entire career, except for the past three years, Wally never has had a business agent to represent him with stage and motion picture producers. His present contract, negotiated by himself with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives, the biggest signed since talking pictures began, was also written by him.

Yep—he's dumb. Like Napoleon.

As to Wally's claim that he's lucky—that's something else again. Wally has had more grief in a single year than most folks have in a lifetime. Yet I've never heard a squawk from him. He goes around with that silly grin on his face, helps people, and keeps his mouth shut. His airplanes have crashed, his heart has been broken, he's been wiped out by falling stocks and bank failures, his home has burned, many near and dear to him have died, his career has nearly been wrecked by bad parts again and again, and recently he has watched the wife he loves struggle through the shadow of death.

Isn't he a lucky guy!

Yet only once have I seen him crack. That was in 1917, after he and Gloria Swanson separated.

They had a fight. She was as stubborn as he was and they wouldn't talk things over. By the time Wally was willing to come to terms he knew that he had lost her. How he loved her! He wandered around Hollywood during the winter of 1917-18 like a man dying of thirst on the desert looking for a water hole. Then he went to Japan and directed a picture. He came home, borrowed money from me—the only time he borrowed from me in his life.

A man with lesser pride and purpose than he would have given up. But he had guts. He got work in several pictures, managed to forget what a hell he'd been through.

Perhaps I'm telling too much on Wally. But I feel I have a right to. I love him—admire him—and I'm close to him. Not because I see him every day. Quite the contrary. I see him every week or so when I drop in to say hello to him, to Rita, his wife, and to Carol Anne, whom he also worships. He's getting the young-

HOLLYWOOD

ster, one of three he adopted, into motion pictures.

● OUR DEVOTION has grown from early years. I spent a long time with the circus as advance man, concessionaire, animal trainer—practically any job you can name. When Wally came to the circus for work I was able to get him started. Naturally, when he got going in motion pictures, he tried to return the favor. He got me into Essanay as an assistant director back in '14. But I didn't fit in pictures. I wouldn't trade on his name. I quit. I came to California eighteen years ago and went to work for an oil company.

So we have nothing in common professionally, although we are bound together by the ties of understanding.

During our hours together we talk about the early days—particularly those in Chicago.

In addition to being stubborn—and he's only that way when he's sure he has the right on his side and that he has a fair deal coming to him—he has another weakness. That's a mania for speed. It goes along with his bent for mechanics. When he first made money with Essanay in Chicago he bought a second-hand car. We liked hunting so we decided to get some ducks at Diamond Lake, about forty miles north of Chicago. Wally got me up at 2 a. m., wound up the yellow Mercer speedster, and streaked north at fifty miles an hour.

I was frozen when we reached the lake, long before dawn. We saw a barn and crawled into it. I told Wally that if he hadn't gone so fast we wouldn't have gotten so cold. We got colder and colder. When dawn came at last we found we were not in a barn but in an ice house. We hunted for a while. Coming home, Wally stepped up to better than sixty. The car skidded, went about twenty feet off the road, and Wally shouted:

"Hang on, Bill!"

I did. But I've never gone out in a car with him since. I've only flown with him once. That was plenty!

● I HAVE A SON, Berton. He's a big, husky youngster, and Wally likes him. Wally found out that Berton had been studying sound and radio and television. Wally wants to do him a real service by getting him a job in a studio. I think that's pretty fine. Wally will get him a job—and that's all.

The boy will have to make good on his own. Wally wants to see the boy get ahead—wants to help him—but doesn't want to help him *too much*. He doesn't want to kill Berton's initiative—because he knows the joy of struggle.

People always perk up their ears when I say my name is Beery. They ask if I'm any relation to Wally. I say that I am. Then they want to know why I'm working instead of taking life easy. That gets me mad.

"I've got my line," I reply, "and Wally's got his. We're both doing all right."

I couldn't be content in basking in the reflected glory of a big shot. I guess he is that—a big shot. Others tell me that. But I've never gotten that idea from anything Wally has said or done. He's the same today as he was forty years ago when, a dirty faced kid, he was tackling toughs twice his size.

If I had my life to live over again, and if by some freak of fate I'd be able to choose who my kid brother would be, I'd demand:

"Give me Wally!"

JULY, 1935

A Little Mistake THAT WILL AGE YOU 10 YEARS



IT MAY BE THE COLOR OF YOUR FACE POWDER!

By *Lady Esther*

Did you ever stop to think that the shade of face powder you use so confidently might be altogether the wrong one for you?

It's hard to believe that women can make a mistake in their shades of face powder or that one shade can make you look older than another. Yet, it's only too obviously true!

You know how tricky a thing color is. You know how even a slight variation in color can make a startling difference in your appearance. The same transforming effect holds true in the case of face powders. Where one shade will have positively the effect of making you look young, another will, just as decisively, make you look older—*years older than you are!*

Face Powder Fallacies

Many women look years older than they actually are because they select their face powder shades on entirely the wrong basis. They try to match their so-called "type" or coloring which is utterly fallacious. The purpose in using a shade of face powder is *not* to match anything, but to bring out what natural gifts you have. In other words, to *flatter!*

Just because you are a brunette does not necessarily mean you should use a brunette or dark rachel powder or that you should use a light rachel or beige if you are a blonde. In the first place, a dark powder may make a brunette look too dark, while a light powder may make a blonde look faded. Secondly, a brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a dark skin and vice versa. The sensible and practical way of choosing your face powder shade,

regardless of your individual coloring, is to try on all five basic shades of face powder. I say "the five basic shades" because that is all that is necessary, as colorists will tell you, to accommodate all tones of skin.

My Offer to the Women of America

"But," you say, "must I buy five different shades of face powder to find out which is my most becoming and flattering?" No, indeed! This matter of face powder shade selection is so important to me that I offer every woman the opportunity of trying all five without going to the expense of buying them.

All you need do is send me your name and address and I will immediately supply you with all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. With the five shades which I send you free, you can very quickly determine which is your most youthifying and flattering.

I'll Leave it to your Mirror!

Thousands of women have made this test to their great astonishment and enlightenment. Maybe it holds a great surprise in store for *you!* You can't tell! You must try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. And this, as I say, you can do at my expense.

Just mail the coupon or a penny post card and by return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (14)

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

FREE

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"I'm Hotel Hostess Now—and earning a splendid salary"



Helen Armitage, Hotel Hostess, Tells How She Secured Her Position, Though Without Previous Hotel or Business Experience.

"I had never been in business—knew nothing about any trade or vocation. When the finding of a position became imperative, I enrolled for the Lewis Course, convinced that I could make good in the fascinating hotel and institutional field. Soon I was Hostess of a lovely hotel, earning a splendid salary and having excellent opportunities for advancement. All entirely due to my Lewis Leisure-Time, Home-Study Training, which qualified me for success."

Step Into a Well-Paid Hotel Position

Good positions from coast to coast for trained women in hotel, club, steamship, restaurant and institutional field. Hundreds of graduates put in touch with positions in last six months as Hotel Managers, Assistant Managers, Housekeepers, Hostesses and 46 other different types of well-paid positions. Living often included. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Lewis graduates, both young and mature, winning success. Good grade school education, plus Lewis Training, qualifies you at home, in leisure time. FREE Book gives full details about this fascinating field, and explains how you are registered FREE of extra cost, in the Lewis National Placement Service, which covers the country through special arrangement with the more than 23,000 Western Union offices. Mail coupon NOW. LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, Sta. LH-9842, Washington, D.C.

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Send me the Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity,"
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Woman Saved From Asthma Torture

After suffering terribly from asthma for eleven years, Mrs. Sara E. Koontz, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., suddenly discovered a way to get blessed relief and comfort. She says:

"I had asthma for eleven years and spent hundreds of dollars. I got so thin I could hardly walk. I wasn't able to do any work. Last October I heard about Nacor and it is the best medicine I have ever tried. I cannot praise Nacor enough for what it has done for me. I am feeling fine. I have had no asthma since I have taken Nacor."—Feb. 5, 1934.

No need to suffer tortures of asthma or bronchial cough when blessed relief and comfort can be yours. For years Nacor has helped thousands. Write for letters and booklet of helpful information. Sent FREE. Nacor Medicine Co., 592 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

"What You Should Know About Reducing"



Send today for fascinating FREE booklet describing new revolutionary system of weight reduction. Builds health and strength while weight comes off quickly. No injurious gland extracts. No dangerous drugs. No harmful salts. No exhausting exercise. No starvation diet. The pleasantest, most scientific method ever devised. Learn how you can quickly and safely improve your figure and your health. Write today.

THERAPY, LTD. Dept. 43
PASADENA, CALIF.

Fashions From the New Films

(Continued from page forty-one)

souffle formal is extra special because of circular organdie ruffles wandering blithely around the skirt bottom, the stiffness of the organdie holding them out from the trailing train. Wide circular stiff ruffle goes over one shoulder and under the other, and you sling a wide ruff of white starched lace around your neck careless-like.

Nice detail on her black transparent wool dinner gown is a spreading back panel lined with green, gathered at the waist and suspended from the belt.

Grand for the little lady who does not want to show her legs and still longs for a split skirt is a couple of knife blades of wool sticking out of the side seams at the bottom of a street dress.

New version of fly-away sleeves for summer is to be found on the red souffle evening frock. Two complete circles,



lined with horse-hair, slip over the arms. They are like nothing so much as brims of huge sailor hats with the crowns out. On the OUTSIDE of each sleeve, dripping over the shoulders, is a bunch of cherries... takes the bare look off the

arm top. Molded skirt sways into a gathered flounce, dipping in front and swerving up to a point in the back. Square neck line front and back. Allure no end.

● GINGER ROGERS has a black get-up you'll notice in *Star of Midnight*. The coat is nipped in at the waist, of course, and flares to the knees. It is made of Cellophane cloth, very rich and shiny. Taffeta lining gives that ladylike swish you simply have to have these giddy days. Cellophane ruffles go across the neck and down the sleeves of the wool dress and there are jet buttons.

● ONE PICTURE no scissors-hound can miss is *Under the Pampas Moon*. More wild stuff and usable ideas wrapped around Ketti Gallian! View with bated breath and copy with caution! That cellophane top-coat, for instance, looks like somebody's lawn. The big square loose sleeves are important. It is lined with taffeta, is scratchy as the devil, but ooooooh it have zat someheeng! and would be a pal and friend in another material.

And such a glitter as she gives off in a stunning formal coat of white taffeta, covered solid with big and little white paillettes called *Silver Rain*. Such a rattle and clatter! Swell on the screen, but not for Suthun belles whose men folk don't like us stared at too hard. Big sleeves again in this one.

Her very smart suit of pale, pale grey gabardine has a built-in vest, black buttons, black crush felt hat, black shoes. Hubert insists plain shoes are smartest.

Take a look at the white negligée and turn away the head if you are tempted. It's all of white fuzz about an inch long, and built to trail and drag. Looks wonderful on Gallian, but so chi-chi you couldn't use it.

Get a copy of her black wool coat, if you can, but don't try to make it, no matter how easy it looks, unless you like living in insane asylums. It's one of those



deceptive things that simply can't be run up by loving hands at home. Wide insets of knife pleating, front and back, are so cunningly stitched down to about the waist that you have lots of figger no matter how it falls. Give a wink to the hat with the double-decker brim in front.

● YOU'LL SEE lots of the much discussed Grecian line when you catch Del Rio's *In Caliente*. One wrap is a six-foot, yard-wide oblong of white crêpe, bordered with a four-inch band of weighty silver embroidery. You wind it from the knees up over the head and let the ends drape where they will. Pretty exotic, if you're the type, worn over a gown with a slit under-skirt, an over-skirt falling below the knees, all heavy with bands of embroidery.

Her white bathing suit has a bra tying on one shoulder only, with a knot of white rope, and shorts draped slightly on one hip. Nicest sports note of the month is her heavy white crêpe dress, backless with a tie-around-the-throat bib. Under it is worn a blue and white striped shirt.



Perfect taste, line, color and easy to make.

● IF YOU ARE the child-bride type, try the print dress Bette Davis wears in *Girl From Tenth Avenue*. Otherwise, don't attempt any skirts four yards wide, gathered into the waist. It has a turn-over high collar of organdie, and full sleeves caught into prim cuffs. You cinch a very wide patent leather belt around your middle, and pin a bunch of flowers under your chin. She also has a red wool suit with a wide skirt, but little conservative that I am, I like better the navy suit with slim silhouette spreading sharply at the bottom over a taffeta petticoat. Another wide belt on this one... five inches at least. Hmmmmmmmm. Better take the hint, especially as she wears a very wide shepherdess girdle of stitched and stiffened taffeta on another gown of printed chiffon. It buckles instead of lacing.

TREMENDOUS TRIFLES

● CAROLE LOMBARD will have nary a jewel, never a wisp of ostrich, fringe or such clutter in her next film... you can't miss allure if you follow Joan Crawford and sew all kinds and colors of silky hat flowers to a yard and a half of taffeta, and drape it over the shoulder to ward off sneezes when you step out to see how the moon is coming along... Wera Engels has a belt made of two strands of hemp rope held together with six bright red clothes pins for a blue crash sports dress... good idea on Hepburn's suit, that of tying the front with ten-inch long cords of material instead of buttoning... take a long, speculative look at Garbo's opera-bags, and wonder if grand-

HOLLYWOOD

mother didn't know best because you can slip the little draw strings over the arm and go jiggling without fear your compact will be knocked off the table.

Smart gadget is Grace Moore's cravat, a straight band of dress material, an inch and a half wide, tied in a flat knot, and



used on both evening and sport things . . . Queek, Watson, my needle! . . . Grab yourself any kind of a cape, fasten it on the shoulder with a big gobby clasp, and be a jump ahead of the rest of the town with the Crusades in-

fluence . . . and if you are sick of that hat, you know the one I mean, slit the crown, twist back the four points, and let those lovely curls riot out the top . . . another good hat is Ketti Gallian's quilted print, worn with scarf and gloves to match . . . bright idea is the pink crêpe night-gown Shirley Temple wears in *Our Little Girl* with the blue stars embroidered at random on the yoke.

* * *

You'll have to pardon me now while I tear into some taffeta before all of Hollywood points the finger of scorn at me as the only woman left who isn't petticoated for sound, and if you know what's right, you'll be doing the same thing between now and next month.

Beauty Secrets for Summer Skins

(Continued from page forty-three)

too dry, have a hot oil treatment occasionally.

The worst enemy to summer loveliness is, of course, perspiration. That is what takes the life out of the hair. It's what gives you a bedraggled appearance. To guard against it, rub yourself with a fragrant eau de cologne after your bath or shower in the morning. This not only cools the skin but makes you feel fresh during the entire day.

I suppose eyes always have been and always will be chiefly responsible for that romantic look. And eyebrows play a greater part in the expression of the eyes than you might imagine. When they're plucked too high they make the eyes look small and rather bulgy. Brought up in winged effects towards the temples they make you look far too exotic when you are wearing a flowing, picturesque gown. It's much better to have the eyebrows arched so that they conform with the curve of the eye-socket.

Another thing—too lavish use of eyelash make-up takes away from the mystery of the eyes, particularly when the thermometer registers ninety degrees or over! If you find you are in the habit of putting it on too heavily, use a dry brush afterwards to take off the surplus amount.

● **WOMEN REQUIRE** eye-shadow in a very distinct way during the summer when the light is so strong. Without it,

the eyes take on an uninteresting monotone look. But too often the shadow is merely rubbed into the center of the lids leaving a coarse line. It should be stippled or patted on, then smoothed, so that it is darkest near the lashes and shaded upwards. No one should ever be able to tell that you have it on. For some reason known only to themselves, a certain group of women have decided that oily-looking eyelids are attractive. They are not! They are, as a matter of fact, in the worst possible taste. It's true that lips should be supple and moist in appearance, but eyelids should be merely darkened in order to highlight the eyes.

Your color is going to be higher naturally, during the heat so a discreet use of rouge is absolutely necessary. Too much rouge applied over too large an area is always bad; in summer it's terrible! You want a pale rose flush. Softness. In order to get that effect you must powder over your rouge as carefully as you powder your nose.

Take a little more time than usual in the application of your rouge. Be sure that you are under a light that at least resembles the conditions of the light where you will be seen.

And if you're going in for allure—and what girl isn't?—be sure to get a few small vials of several different kinds of new and persuasive perfume. But they must be delicate. Delicacy is, after all, the key to romance!

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Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
104 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 225-H, Chicago, Illinois

Harry Carr's Shooting Script

(Continued from page thirty-five)

Which is hokey. They cast her the second time as they did the first time without being much impressed and she began to step along.

I can't see any reason to hoot at Hollywood. The one appealing and charming thing about all the producers is their cheerful willingness to acknowledge their mistakes.

Life Line To Stars

Ann has saved stars, however; they at least should be grateful. Eddie Cantor got through *Kid Millions* because of Ann. Chevalier wouldn't have got to first base without her in *Folies Bergere*, probably his last film.

Personally, I have never burst anything laughing at either one of them. Ed Wynn left me in tears.

It's the same with all these over-sold comickers. You go into the theater saying: "All right, funny man, let's see you make me laugh."

You laugh at Charlie Chaplin because he never seems to be trying to make you laugh. Underneath his comedy there is something infinitely pitiful.

Late For Kipling

When Rudyard Kipling was the literary rage, the movies felt no interest in him; nor he in the movies. Now they are getting around to him.

Maureen O'Sullivan is being coaxed over to England to play the part of Dinah Shadd in *Soldiers Three* and Paramount is tinkering with the idea of making a picture of *The Light That Failed*, with Gary Cooper.

There are two gorgeous Kipling stories that no one has mentioned—*The Rescue of Pluffles* and *My Lord, the Elephant*. I look to see them done; the first is a story of one vamp recapturing a foolish young officer from a wicked vamp and sending the boy home to his fiancée in England. *My Lord, the Elephant* is a soldier story of the affection between an infantry private and an elephant.

The Marrying Princes

It may have occurred to some who read this that there might be another side to this story about the marrying Princes Mdivani who married Connie Bennett and Pola Negri and Mae Murray and Mary McCormick—and what have you. Well, there is another side.

Take it from me, it was not their doing that they got into this mess with Barbara Hutton, the five-and-ten princess and the others.

When they arrived in Hollywood some years ago they expressly asked the reporters not to call them princes or to say anything about the titles they held in the Russian province of Georgia. They went to work with pick and shovels in the oil fields; made their own way—and finally fortunes. They have all made money and I can promise you—in case you are lying awake night worrying—that that \$40,000 necklace for Princess Barbara was paid for by the bridegroom out of money he had earned himself.

Jean Harlow Withdraws

Hollywood is seeking cloistered walls, as it were. Ann Harding runs away to

army posts where she tosses off the name of Ann Harding and becomes again the daughter of Gen. Gatley. Jean Harlow hides in Hollywood in a house with a trick driveway that no one can find.

And they are not the only ones who have soured on Hollywood night clubs and parties. Jean is frank; she partied herself into boredom and fatigue. Some of the rest of them continue to be gluttons for punishment; but a good many stars are coming to realize the hollowness of this electric light trail.

Of all the dreary stupid experiences I have ever had in a long life I will put down Hollywood parties as the most tedious . . . and night clubs are worse.

There are a lot of charming and intelligent people in Hollywood, but as a mixed cocktail, the flavor is lost.

Mary Astor's Troubles

Mary Astor has made a blunder that I think will damage her career beyond hope of recovery. She has flicked the public—especially the feminine part of it—in a tender spot. She quarreled with her father and mother and nobody minded that much; but now she has parted from her husband—a practicing physician—and has handed him their baby in the divorce settlement.

That is what ended the film career of Bill Hart. He also surrendered his little boy in a divorce. I happened at the time to be a visitor at a boys' school. Until this event, Bill had been the adored hero, but I walked through the rooms to see every Bill Hart picture torn down.

What is going to complicate the case of Mary Astor is that her screen fault has always been coldness, anyhow. Her love scenes on the screen are always suggestive of a frigid air refrigerator. The delectable Miss Astor may think that she loves her art more than human relationships; but she will be surprised. She is very close to the end of a not very dazzling career. She has cashed in for a long time on a cameo profile. To say the least she is no Dusé.

Why Here's Trilby

With Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson* in the offing, I should not be surprised to see some studio bring out Trilby again.

Now that the "singles" are the rage, Trilby with its prima donna, its gay studio songs, should be a success.

For once I should like to see a Sven-gali who was believable. He is always overdrawn and overacted . . . a sort of mixture between a circus side-show and Rasputin. No one has ever had the foresight to impress the audience with the fact that he was a great musician.

British Raids

A quiet and charming young man from England is looting the Hollywood studios of talent. One Michael Balcon, representing English interests, has frankly let it be known that the English studios are on the make for all the American stars they can lure away.

He has been very fair and square about it; no attempts to break contracts; but when a star's contract expires, she sees a beckoning finger. Thus far Michael has shipped over Boris Karloff, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, Noah Beery, Rich-

ard Dix, and possibly Maureen O'Sullivan.

Until now the kidnaping operations have gone the other way. The British studios have never had money enough to compete with Hollywood. Somewhere they have dug it up—very likely as the result of subsidies from the British government which feels the importance to world trade of not letting the whole world "go Yankee."

It is easy to see what the result will be. After two years spent in shaving down salaries, Hollywood will have to boost them. We are, brethren, on the edge of a grand bidding contest in which somebody—or everybody—will go broke.

I suppose that the usual routine will be followed; the star salaries will go up and the salaries of the stenographers will come down.

On Her Own

I honor Florence Rice for not taking advantage of her father's position in the newspaper world. Grantland Rice is one of the most famous journalists in this or any country.

Thinking she would want to ride in on her father's prestige and having a very high opinion of her father, I offered her a chance for publicity in these lines. She was willing to cooperate in any other way. Meanwhile she is carving out a very nice little niche for herself in the studios, being teamed at the moment with Jack Holt.

Joan Warbles

It is evident that any actress who can sing will find her value doubled. Joan

Blondell is both to sing and dance in *Broadway Gondolier*.

This enthusiasm is due largely to the immense earnings of *Love Me Tonight* and other singies. Lubitsch, the new chief at Paramount, is a devoted and accomplished musician and his producing program is sure to be full of opera. They have been surprised to find that the higher type of music gets over better than the crooner songs.

It almost goes without saying the screen is headed for grand opera or something like it.

Test Your Popularity

(Continued from page thirty-three)

to dress up and curl my hair in a picture.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Una Merkel answered their questions — with many groans and sighs—while I was between scenes of *MacFadden's Flats*, at Paramount, away from my home studio.

Which reminds me; I had a lot of fun making that picture because of the director, that clever Irishman, Ralph Murphy. His quips kept us all in grand humor. One that made us all howl came when I was called to go into a scene and I yelled back at Ralph: "Just a minute. I'd like to fix my face." And Ralph roared back: "What do you think this is, *Small Miracle*?"

Florence Lake, by the way, shows unusually popular by her score. She is the sort that is most certainly easy to get along with and is as grand a friend as

she is an actress. When she and John want to go out, I come over and watch the baby. I'm getting to be a very good baby-watcher, in fact, and consider their adorable baby Joyce practically my own child. I've knitted her so many sweaters that Florence doesn't know what to do with them all. But knitting is fun, and there's lots of time for it between scenes while the electricians are arranging lights and the camera is being shifted about.

Una Merkel's score may surprise you—she seems so jolly and bubbly on the screen, but her score falls down because she doesn't like gossip, has no strong hobby, (mine is knitting), and hates answering questions.

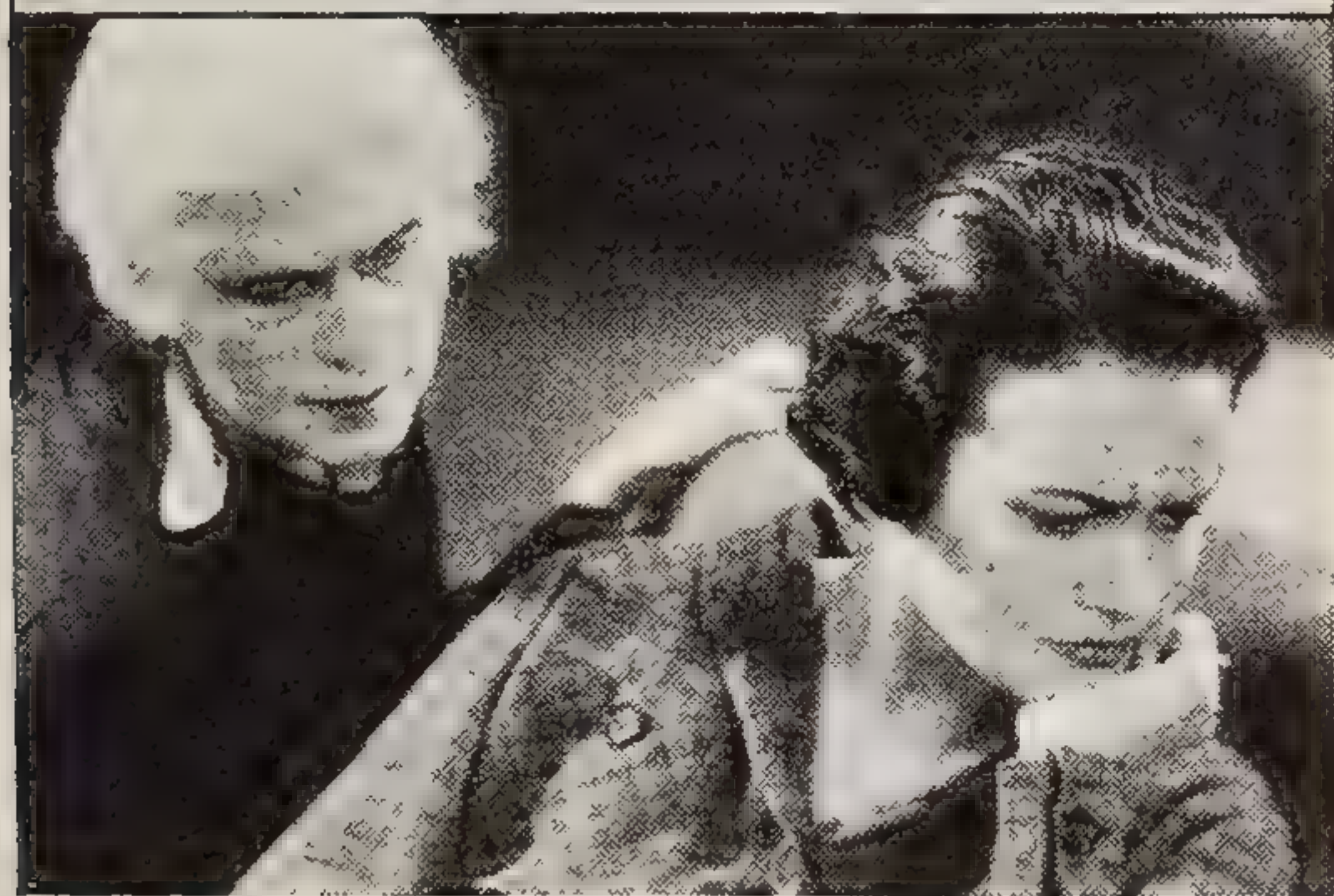
TEST YOUR POPULARITY

Here are the correct answers for the popularity test described by Betty Furness on page 33. To determine your standing, count one point for each question you answered correctly. Where you give a different answer than the ones shown here, you get a zero for that question.

- | | |
|--------|---------|
| 1. yes | 9. no |
| 2. yes | 10. yes |
| 3. no | 11. yes |
| 4. yes | 12. yes |
| 5. yes | 13. yes |
| 6. no | 14. yes |
| 7. no | 15. no |
| 8. yes | |

"HAS DONE WONDERS FOR MY DAUGHTER'S SKIN"

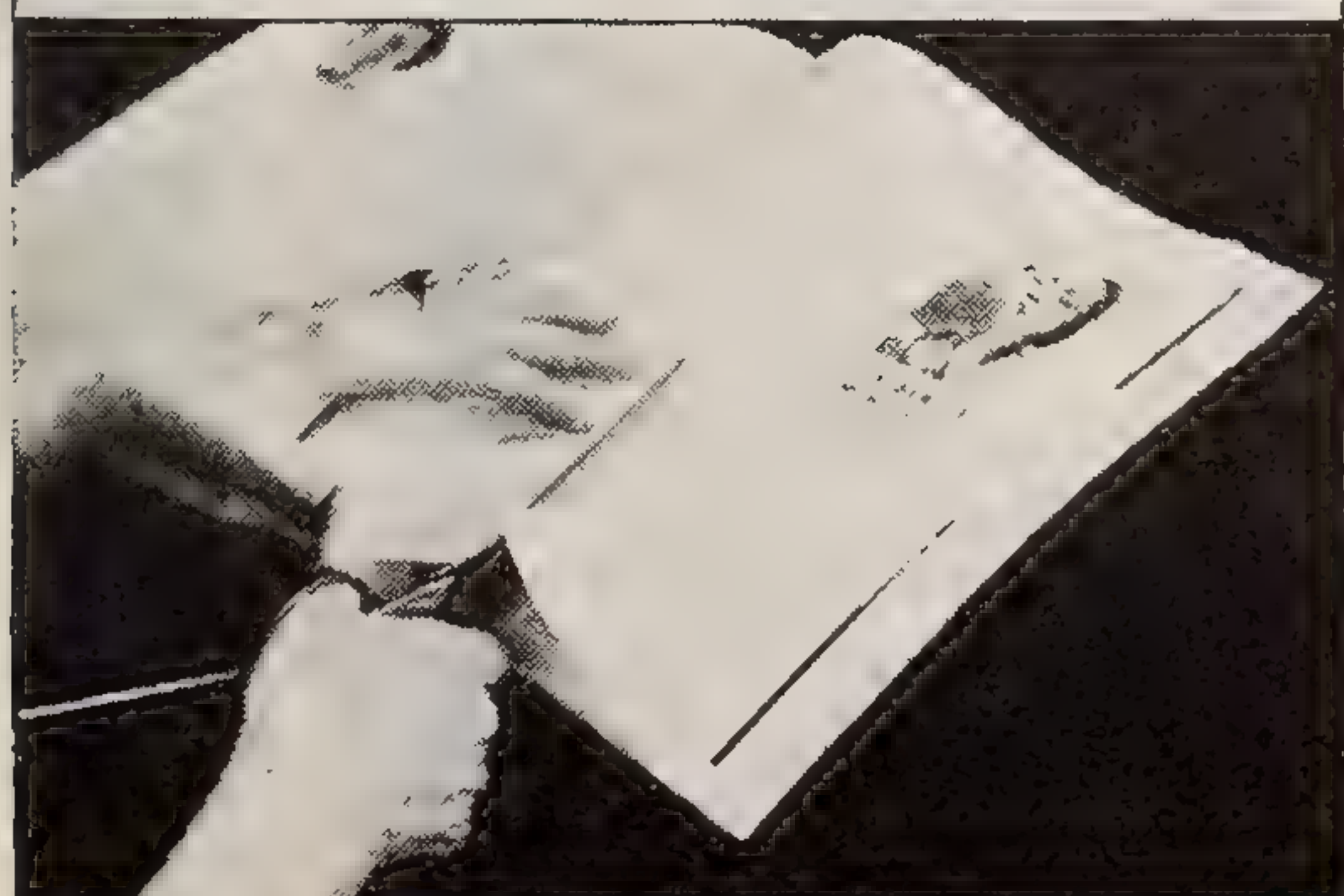
"My Daughter Suffered for Months with a bad Eruption on her Face"



"She went to Specialists and tried Everything we heard of"



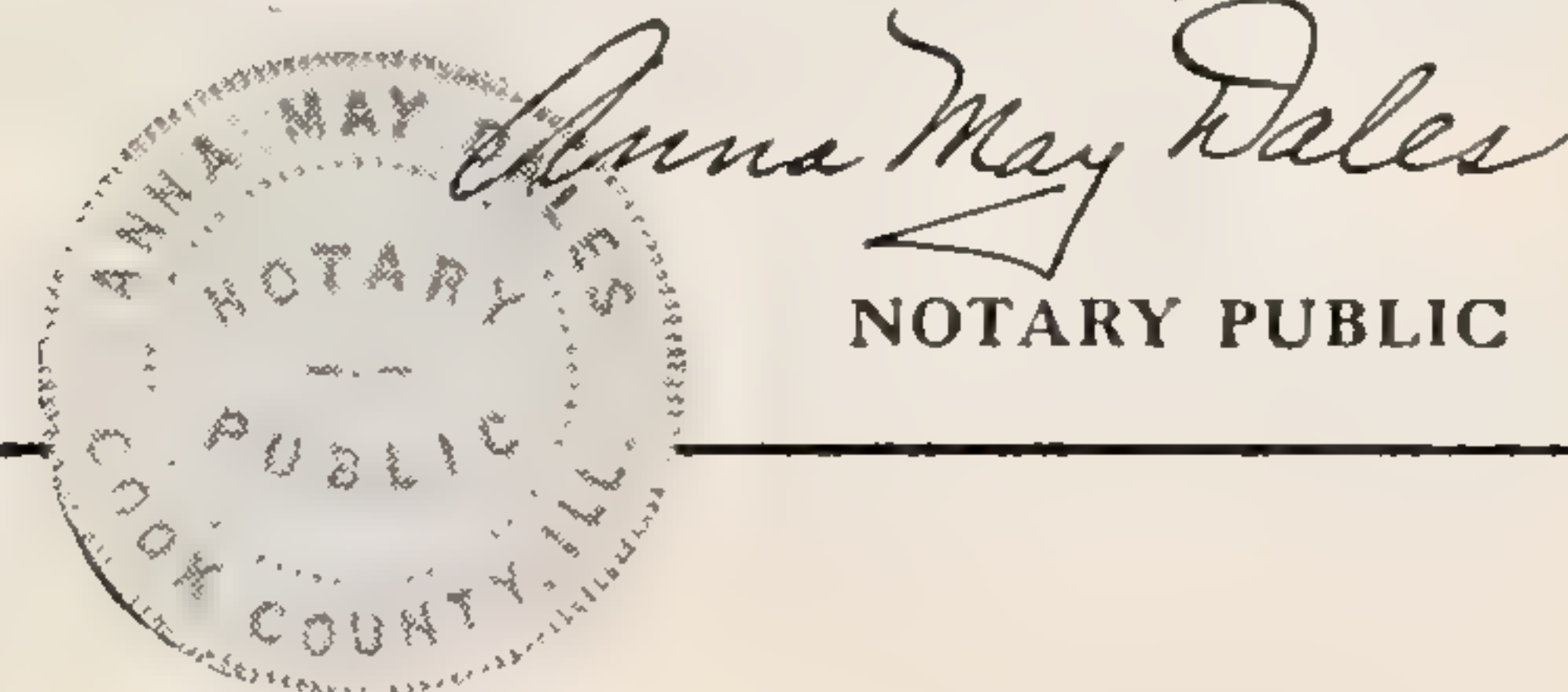
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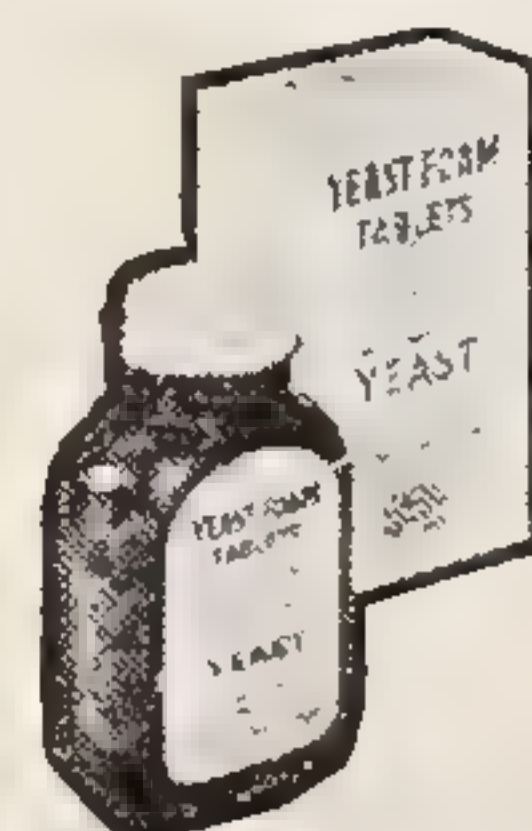


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<input type="checkbox"/> Hips	<input type="checkbox"/> Hair	<input type="checkbox"/> Hands	<input type="checkbox"/> Skin	<input type="checkbox"/> Flat Chest
<input type="checkbox"/> Thinness	<input type="checkbox"/> Overweight	<input type="checkbox"/> Round Shoulders	<input type="checkbox"/> Abdomen	<input type="checkbox"/> Figure Faults
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Your Kidneys contain 9 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Loss of Pep, Leg Pains, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Neuralgia, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, you don't need to take chances. All druggists now have the most modern advanced treatment for these troubles—a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-Tex). Works fast—safe and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality and is guaranteed to make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

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Garbo's Unwanted Admirer

(Continued from page twenty-six)

pranced with impatience. Maybe . . . a small, startled maybe . . . she would speak to him now. But alas! It was not to be. Garbo, too, had had an idea. Her colored chauffeur, instead of driving up Druid Lane, went bumpity-bumpity over San Lorenzo, which was under construction, and Ben had the satisfaction of seeing the idol of the world jounced around thoroughly in the big tonneau.

Ben decided to utilize his free time between bows, and from then on it developed into a game of tag. Wherever Garbo turned, there was Ben. He never quite caught up with her, but nowhere could she look and not see Ben.

"Whither thou goest, I will go," he muttered, as he followed her over an embankment in the Santa Monica canyon that even a mountain goat wouldn't attempt. He loped behind her, at a respectful distance, of course, whenever, clad in dirty white ducks, a sweat shirt and a slouch hat, she walked briskly along the Palisades. He trailed her into Hollywood, his small roadster scuttling behind her towering Lincoln. He waited for her outside of shops with bitterly folded arms. But never a word did he say. Just bowed, and gazed calmly in front of him whenever Garbo's sense of humor upset her gravity.

Then came Ben's Big Boner.

It ALL happened because Ben, breaking under the strain of being the silent watchdog, tried to soothe his fevered nerves one night by throwing a party. It was a good party, very noisy and very drippy, and the next morning found Ben still on his feet, but almost *non compos mentis* and ready for anything. But even the fervence of frivolity had not dimmed Garbo's image in his mind. Rather, it intensified it, and swelled, to an alarming degree, his determination to meet her.

"Today or never," he vowed. Therefore, when Garbo drove by for her tennis lesson, Ben, with set jaw and gleeful legs, wavered up the road after her.

His destination was Miss Del Rio's tennis court a few blocks away. Surrounded by walls nine feet high and two feet thick, they would have been a serious obstacle to anyone else—but not Ben. Jeered on by the still-affecting liquor and the realization that he had already spent four years in pursuit of this elusive woman, the wall was of no importance to Ben. Being, as it was, completely hidden with trees, it was possible for a person, sitting on top of the wall, to have an uninterrupted view of the court below and still remain entirely hidden by the branches that hung over it.

It was only the power that protects children and fools that hoisted Ben up there. He never could have made it under his own steam. Once up, he wound himself into a ball on the narrow ledge and peered smugly down at the court.

And there she was! To Ben, pop-eyed with triumph, and gloating over the first advantage he had ever had, she was a vision that he will remember all his life. He rapidly noted that she wore white shorts and a sport shirt. He regretted the visor that was pulled low over her eyes. He mentally assigned the instructor to the exact center of the Sahara desert, and thought little or nothing of his teaching.

For perhaps half an hour he stayed up

there, wobbling on his narrow perch. He listened to her laugh, watched intently as she served and raced after the ball. She was good. She didn't need lessons. She was wonderful! He nearly cheered in his excitement.

And then into his intoxicated mind winged a thought. He would speak to her. It was the perfect moment. He had waited so long—this must be his chance. He had only to part the branches in front of him, lean over a bit, say something both witty and intelligent—surely, she wouldn't be angry.

Ben drew a deep, gurgling breath. His dream was coming true. He was going to meet Garbo!

Leaning forward, he grasped two branches firmly and pulled. Had Garbo looked up at that moment she would have seen a dark face looming between the leaves, looking for all the world like the Cheshire Cat in his happiest moment.

Swaying there on a narrow wall, clutching two small branches, his brain whirling with alcohol and glowing satisfaction, Ben selected one of several fine phrases he constantly kept in the back of his head and opened his mouth. . . .

To his indescribable horror he heard himself say these words: "Miss Garbo, you play a LOUSY game of tennis!"

Garbo screamed, dropped her racquet and three balls, and began running around looking for the invisible voice. The instructor raced into the house yelling for police. Doors and windows in the Del Rio mansion began to bang and in the midst of the uproar, Ben sat there absolutely stunned at the magnitude of his crime. After four years—to destroy his one chance by such tremendous asininity! He slithered down the wall and trudged home, a much sobered and enraged young man.

WHEN HE got on his own front porch he exploded in sheer frenzy of wrath. Garbo would never speak to him now. He had lost his last chance. He would never be able to explain it. How disgusted she must be! Uttering little yelps of remorse, Ben stumbled back and forth across the front porch, claspings his splitting head with both hands. He sank down on the top step, and hid his face from the world.

A familiar rattle sounded down the street. Garbo was rushing to the security of her own home after the scene at the tennis court. Ben rose wearily to his feet. It would be his last bow . . . a last brave gesture before he quitted this world he had so sullied.

The car drew near . . . he saw her face framed in the back window . . . he bowed.

In that instant, Garbo must have guessed whose voice it was that had roared such an insult from the top of the wall. Maybe she guessed from the bow. It lacked its usual gaiety and gallantry. It was depressed and resigned and hopeless. Anyway, she guessed, and she proved it.

As Ben straightened up, she pressed her nose to the window of the car and made a face at him—a face, that, had it been audible, would have been a swell Bronx cheer.

—JAN MURRILL.

HOLLYWOOD



While everyone else was looking around at the opening of Westmore's palace of beauty, Richard Cromwell and Mary Carlisle got off in a corner and whispered

Why Fred Astaire Worries

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

might prevent him from appearing as his natural self.

Besides arranging all the dances in his pictures, Fred has a great deal to do with the arranging of the music. He realizes that it plays such a great part in his work. While he is really supposed to dance only, he worries about getting the music right to such an extent, that many times he has stayed up all night with the music department, working with them on their recording sessions.

On rare occasions Fred will be seen dining at the Trocadero. But most of the time he spends right in his own home. He is very appreciative that people like his work. It is the only reward he has ever worked for. But it worries him to be out in public. On several occasions total strangers have come up to him and made him the center of attraction with their praise and flowery speeches. His natural modesty allows him to enjoy the spotlight of attention, only when he is working before the camera.

Since coming to Hollywood, Fred has only attended one preview of his pictures. He always worries about the audience's reaction and wonders if they are going to like him. He refused point blank to see the preview of *Gay Divorcée*. There was one line that worried him night and day. He just knew it was going to spoil a very important scene. When the picture was previewed at the RKO theatre in Los Angeles, the audience stood up in one body and shouted to the housetop. Had Fred Astaire been among those present, it would have been a big thrill. Instead, he was home alone, reading a book in front of his fireplace. The next morning he timidly went to the studio and summoned up the courage to ask about the fatal line. To his amazement and amusement, he was told it had received the biggest laugh in the picture.

Fred admits that his luck has been phenomenal. All of his pictures have been hits. He doesn't say it's because he has worked so hard and really given everything. But such is the case. Still he can't help worrying and wondering if he's going to live up to his standard.

—JERRY ASHER.

WITH A FEW STIRS Perfect Mayonnaise!

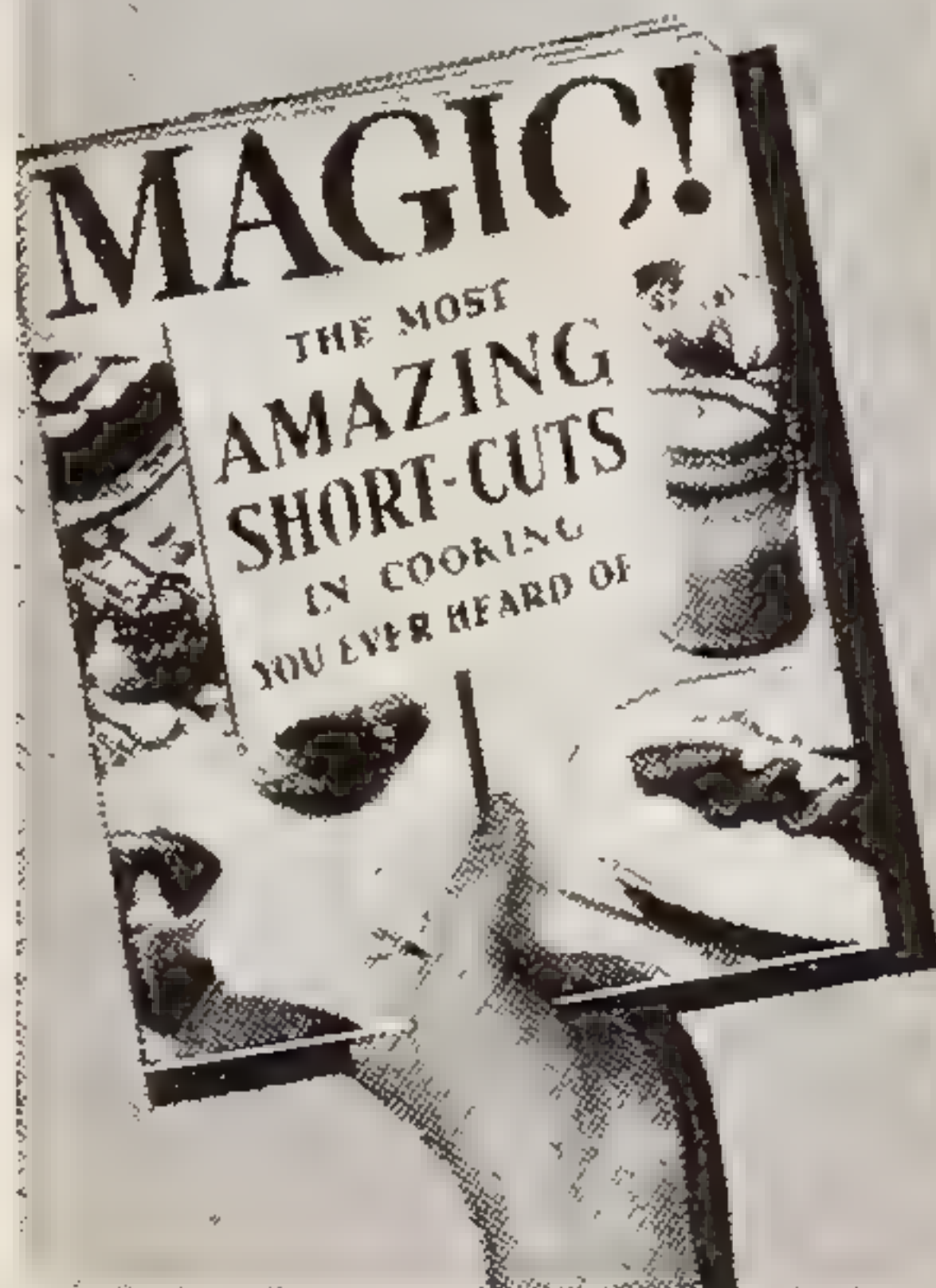


EAGLE BRAND MAGIC MAYONNAISE

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar or lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad oil or melted butter
1 egg yolk
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Few grains cayenne
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Place ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired, place in refrigerator to chill before serving. Makes $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups.

- It used to take a half hour's beating and praying to make such mayonnaise! Now, even a man can stir it together. And is it good!
- But notice—this recipe calls for *sweetened condensed milk*. Don't confuse it with other forms of milk. To get the right kind, just remember to ask for EAGLE BRAND.



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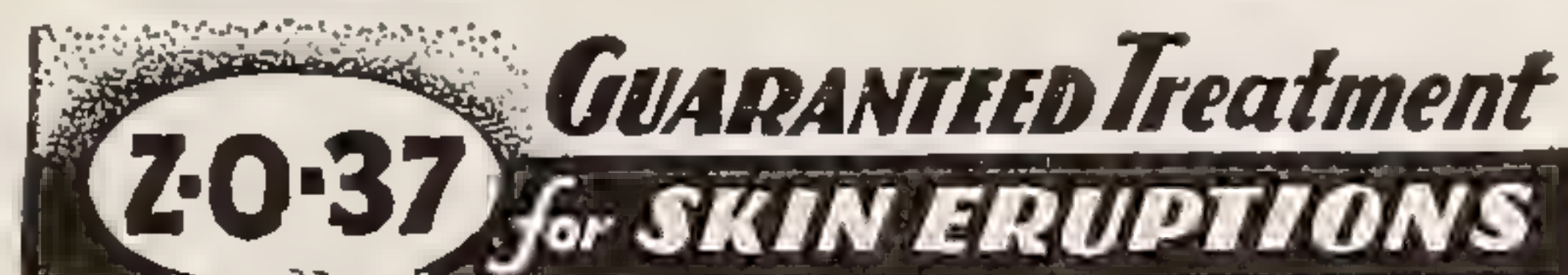
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The "AVIATOR" Identification Ring and Bracelet—Your name and address engraved—FREE. Made of beautiful white metal. Non-tarnishable. Ring 50c—Bracelet 50c.

Please send M. O. or well wrapped coin and give size or send string for measurement. Sterling Silver Ring \$1.00.

P. A. R. COMPANY, Box A-554, Kansas City, Mo.



The Beauty of a Clear Complexion is easy to win and to keep, even at difficult times, with Z-O-37 handy on your dressing table. Send 60c in stamps or coins (well wrapped) for a full bottle. If you aren't fully satisfied after using it 10 days, return Z-O-37 and we'll send your money back without question.

CORONADO MFG. CO., Saint Paul, Minnesota

AT LAST! PERFUME

To Match Your Type
Whether Blonde, Brunette, Auburn

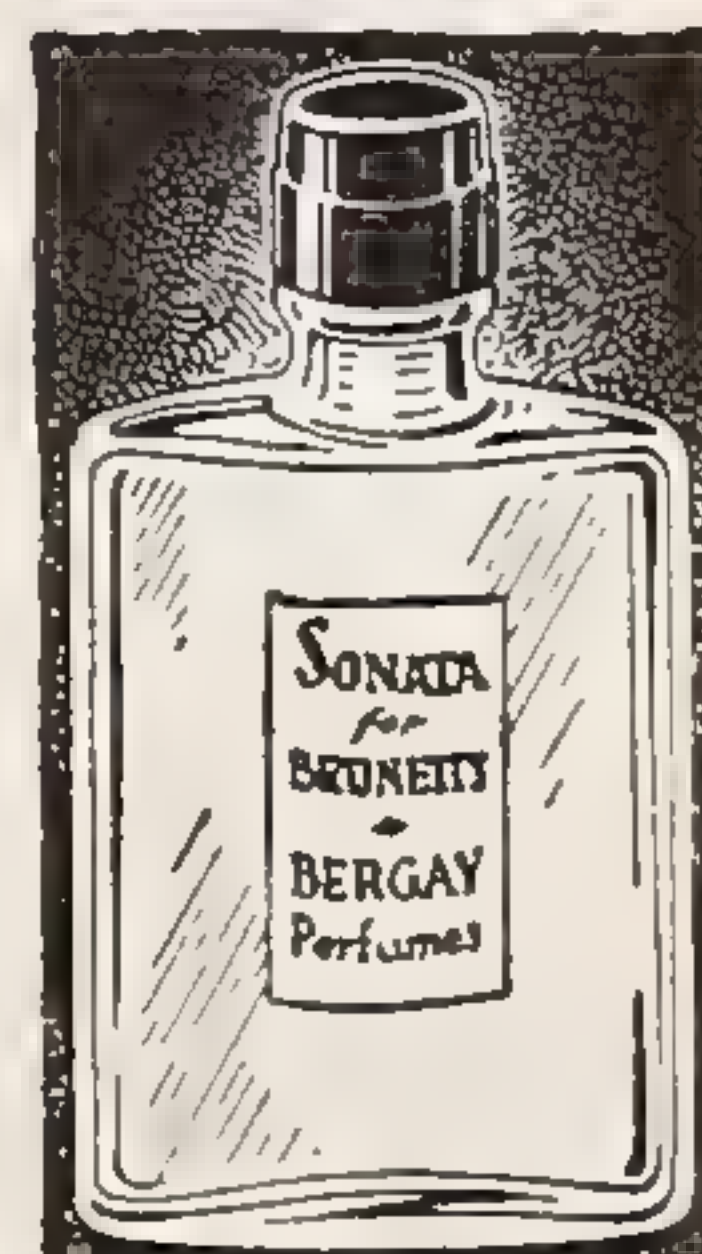
A new sensation in perfumes—created by a Master Parfumeur to match your own personal type—whether blonde, brunette or auburn. Irresistible, alluring fragrances resulting from blending rarest essential oils from France and far away places.

Special Introductory Offer

A generous trial-size bottle (purse size) of the odour to match YOUR type—regular price several dollars an ounce—only.

15¢

A single drop lasts several days. Send only 15c (coin or stamps) and state whether blonde, brunette or auburn. Not more than two bottles to each new customer. Money refunded if not satisfied. Address Bergay Products, Dept. 11, Box 35, Sta. C, San Diego, California.



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PATENTED
FORM FITTING WAVE PROTECTOR

Lasting
loveliness
for your wave



PHYLLIS BROOKS
featured in Universal's
"I've Been Around"

DON-A-CAP
is a trim, comfortable tie-on
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DON-A-BAN
a clever turban for sports,
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Does not tie under the chin.

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No. 200, snap-on model at
50c, holds up the chin for
additional beauty treatment.

Medium or large sizes — pastel
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A Special Model at
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If not obtainable, write
DONA MANUFACTURING CO., SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Have FULL ROUND ALLURING CURVES



You, too, can
have a full
rounded form

You can add 3 to 6 inches with Beautipon Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful form. **YOUR MONEY BACK** if your form is not increased after applying Beautipon Cream Treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' treatment, \$1.00 sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, positive **GUARANTEED** way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

Read what others say:

"I can scarcely express my delight with the results. Since I started using Beautipon Cream I have increased my form 5 inches! Your Beautipon Cream works like magic and I am thrilled to own a form so feminine and shapely." B. T.
"Your treatment is simply splendid. I am filling out and getting larger and rounder." B. T.
"I have put 3 inches on my form and increased 10 lbs. in weight." G.

Free! "Fascinating Loveliness" Free!
The world famous Beauty Expert's Course, "Fascinating Loveliness" for which thousands have paid \$1.00 will be sent **FREE** if you send \$1.00 for Beautipon Cream Treatment **NOW**. **OFFER LIMITED, SEND \$1.00 TODAY.** Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING

Suite 80

Forest Hills, N. Y.

NEXT MONTH

our readers command us to run a story telling what Joan Crawford is really like. It's in the August **HOLLYWOOD** Magazine.

FADED GRAY HAIR

Women, girls, men with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—"SHAMPO-KOLOR". No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with "SHAMPO-KOLOR". No "died" look, but a lovely, natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 19, 254 W. 31st St., New York City.

BE ALLURING...



Possess the exciting glamour that enchants others. Add to your charm with this romantic Florida Orange Blossom Perfume. Introductory size, \$1. Trial size 18c. Send stamps, check or money order. Prompt service.

PRODUCTS OF FLORIDA CO.

121-A W. Bay St.,

Jacksonville, Fla.

Grace Bradley's \$250,000 Misfortune

(Continued from page twenty-eight)

under the door, we moved once more.

Meanwhile my fan mail at the studio had undergone a surprising transformation and had increased by a hundred per cent. In addition to the usual letters of friendly praise with the accompanying requests for pictures, there were demands for money and clothing, letters telling me that it was imperative that I invest at once in hundreds of different business enterprises. A woman in the East sent a special delivery air mail letter to inform me that she was the mother of fifteen and would appreciate being sent five thousand dollars by return mail; a college boy in the middle West wanted two thousand dollars so that he could leave college, marry and launch himself on the perturbed sea of business; women enclosed dress, shoe, and glove sizes and were even considerate enough to place these vital statistics on the backs of snapshots so as to guide me in selecting the right styles and colors—so did several men.

As to business—I could invest in any of a number of oil wells that were sure to spout most any day; a restaurant in a small city near Hollywood offered unbounded opportunity for financial gain if I would throw in ten thousand dollars to set cooks and waiters in motion; a "gentleman of taste and breeding" was ready to start a dramatic school in a thriving Ohio city—he had the idea and I had the money! When I counted the number of air mail marriage proposals, I felt just like a well launched and successfully advertised debutante. Do I crave a bodyguard? I don't, but if I did I could select a fearless, able-bodied, trustworthy male from any of a hundred applicants. In examining this deluge of fan mail, however, it was interesting to note that the fans who had written me before my twenty-first birthday remained loyal and instead of being the slightest bit envious seemed glad that I had encountered good fortune.

By this time, I was beginning to sympathize with and feel a very real tolerance for the wealthy girls I had encountered in the past and in whom I had been unable to comprehend anything but cold aloofness and insincerity. I was beginning to realize that to them life must seem like anything but "a bed of roses." To be always surrounded by those grim spectres, envy, falseness and hate! To feel always that a new face must be distrusted!

Suddenly I, myself, was aware of increased attentiveness of a few boys who had, in the past, been hardly more than casual acquaintances and who now were being very chummy indeed. If those girls at whom I had scoffed had been combating for years the same problems that had been making my life a dismal morass of uncertainty for but one short month, it seemed now quite logical that they should be haughty, suspicious and aloof. I began to value more deeply those true friendships that had been formed in the years before I had either money or a small amount of screen fame. At the moment it seemed to me that money served only to make life more complicated and worrisome.

I was really beginning to think of my inheritance as a misfortune when it suddenly occurred to me that never before had I been so sure of what I wanted to

do or what I desired from life. That is the one real satisfaction that I have had thus far from my unexpected fortune. Now I know absolutely that I do not want to retire to some tropic isle or cruise aimlessly about on a world tour. I desire only to pursue my career on the screen.

I have found suddenly that my work is my real fun. And there have been plenty of times too in my life when all I wanted was to pack up and run away. Now there is not the slightest doubt in my mind as to what I want to do. I feel that I am really just getting started and if I were to quit at this stage of the game, I know that I should never be happy or find any real contentment in life. There would always be a disturbing question in the back of my mind. What might have happened if I had not left my career in midair? So I intend to carry on.

I intend to carry on in spite of that opinion that has been expressed in several letters to the effect that I have no right to continue with my career since I have inherited a fortune. I even have an answer to that contention! In the first place, practically every star of stage, screen and radio is financially independent—that is, most, and probably all of them could afford to retire right now. Certainly every important and influential business man would have to leave his post if this theory were carried through to its logical end. But what seems even more important to me is the fact that I know that I have taken no one's place.

I received my contract from Paramount long before I even suspected that one day I might inherit an amount that could be considered sufficient to make me financially independent. If, on the other hand, I had come to Hollywood as an heiress with the intention of entering pictures because my fortune or my position in society gave me an entree and had joined the ranks of the extra players, I would indeed feel guilty. I would be uncomfortably conscious every minute of the fact that I was stealing the place of some extra girl who needed the job when I did not. I would be ashamed to take the ten dollar daily check that meant board and room to some one else when it meant pin money or perhaps even less to me. As it is I experience no such feeling of guilt. I have worked toward a theatrical career since I was a child. When other children were playing, I was studying dance routines and training my voice—preparing myself for the future.

So after all is said and done I should like to have it understood that thus far my inheritance has brought me nothing but an aching head while through my own efforts I still have my career—and I intend to keep it!

—JAMES FISHER

NEXT MONTH

BEHIND THE HEADLINES IN
JANET GAYNOR'S LIFE

In August Hollywood—with a natural color photo of Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer on the cover

HOLLYWOOD

Gene Raymond Was Fan-Handled

(Continued from page twenty-nine)

torn down the doors and poured into the theatre!

Gratifying? Well, rather. Such adulation is the very life-blood of an actor. But it has its other aspects, as well.

For instance, during his performance one afternoon, several women rushed up the steps from the orchestra, on either side of the stage, and demanded his autograph. Before the ushers could stop them, others hopped up onto the stage. Guards were placed at the foot of the stairs just as every other woman in the house started to follow suit.

While in his box at the Fox Theatre in Detroit—Gene's act opened with him sitting there, singing into a microphone—he felt his ankles clutched by unseen hands, just as he started his song. Three girls were lying on their stomachs under a row of chairs and had lain there for nearly two hours in wait.

Every afternoon and evening, hundreds of women would block the stage door, so that he would find it impossible to pass through. In Chicago, he solved this problem by seldom leaving his dressing room between performances. When he played in Detroit, he entered and left the theatre through the boiler room, which led into the basement of the hotel next door. By using the service elevator, then, he could make his room without encountering any particular trouble.

So tremendous were the crowds desirous of seeing him in Detroit that for the first time in six months the balcony was opened. The third largest motion picture theatre in the United States, yet for half a year before Gene appeared there, even the orchestra had remained unfilled. With Raymond on the stage, every seat in its five thousand seating capacity was occupied, as well as two thousand patrons who lined the walls and aisles.

While standing by the window looking down on the crowd one afternoon, Gene suddenly was espied by an enthusiastic youngster, who immediately gave vent to his feelings. "We want Raymond!" went up the cry, and for half an hour this chant echoed.

"Throw us your cigarette butts!" came next. Tossing one to the youth who had requested it, others clamored for more. Among our souvenirs . . .

Even in the inner sanctum of his dressing room, he found there were persons who disregarded his right to privacy. This applied to his limousine, as well. One boy rented a messenger's uniform and thus gained access to his quarters. Three girls posed as waitresses and invaded the suite, carrying trays. Still others walked boldly in, with all manner of requests.

In one afternoon alone, he signed his name to more than fifteen hundred copies of a song sold in the lobby, and always there lay a high stack of autograph books to be gone through on his table. Women's clubs and radio stations and institutions of every description pursued him daily to appear for their benefit, and once, when he took a flying trip over the river to Windsor, Ontario, he found a delegation awaiting him with a corps of photographers.

Yes, indeed, Gene Raymond knows what it is to be fan-handled!

—WHITNEY WILLIAMS.

*Her mirror
is saying . . .*

**"YOUR BREATH
IS BAD!"**

When your tongue is coated . . . rinse your mouth with

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

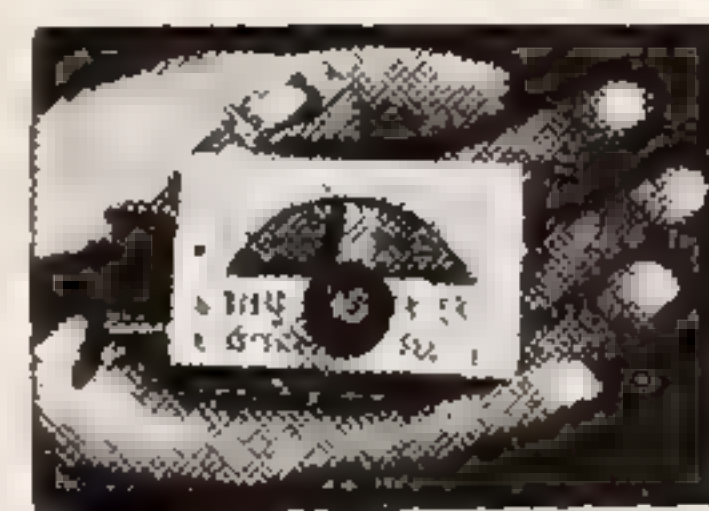
SCIENTIFIC findings show that where a "coated tongue" condition exists, bad breath is present in 75% of the cases. Make the tongue test tonight. Look in your mirror. If *your* tongue is coated, take no chances. Gargle and rinse your mouth well with Pepsodent Antiseptic.

This famous mouth antiseptic offers you a fresh, pure breath at $\frac{1}{3}$ the usual cost. That's because Pepsodent Antiseptic is 3 times as powerful as other leading kinds. It makes your money go 3 times as far . . . keeps breath sweet and wholesome 1 to 2 hours longer.

STARS OWN STORIES

Every month the stars themselves contribute stories to **HOLLYWOOD**. One of the most inspiring we have ever read is by Basil Rathbone, and you'll find it, along with others, in the August **HOLLYWOOD**.

AT LAST! A REAL POCKET RADIO



Can actually be carried in pocket or purse! No tubes or batteries—nothing to wear out. No crystals to adjust! Simply clip to any metal object as desks, beds, telephones, etc., for clear reception locally! One control gets all stations 50 up to 100 miles. **SHORT WAVE** and police calls also! No complicated hookups or wires needed! Verified 1800 mile reception from our shops using regular aerial! Foolproof and practical—great novelty. Can be used ANYWHERE ANYTIME—in auto, etc. Complete with tiny phone NOTHING else to buy—ready to listen! Send \$1.00 and pay postman \$1.95 plus post. or send \$2.99 (M.O. Currency Check). Ideal gift. Complete Inst. Inc. Guar. Order yours today! At better Dept. and Radio Stores.

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5¢ LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

Great Books—new books—famous books. Over 200,000,000 have been sold. List includes modern fiction, mystery, love, adventure, humor, science, psychology, poetry, history, drama, law, biography, philosophy, and other subjects at only 5¢ per book. Send postcard for free catalogue of thousands of bargains. Address:

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Catalogue Dept., Desk M-128, Girard, Kansas

"She Grew Beautiful Before My Eyes!"

What would you say if you saw yourself suddenly transformed to radiant new beauty? Your complexion so clear and fresh, so exquisitely soft and fine that you seemed to have a brand new skin? Your cheeks glowing with delicate, natural color? Blackheads gone? Enlarged pores refined? Wrinkles smoothed out?

From the laboratory of a New York cosmetic chemist comes news of this startling beauty miracle. An amazing liquid has been created, you merely apply it to your face. In fifteen minutes it works its wonders. A friend of the chemist's who took a bottle home to his wife exclaimed: "She grew beautiful before my eyes."

Try this New Beauty Magic for Yourself!

It is entirely unlike anything you have ever used. Not a pack—not a clay—not a skin peel. Absolutely harmless. You feel its action the moment you apply it. A trial will convince you. Send name, address and only 50¢ for your bottle. Take advantage of this special introductory offer. You must be delighted with your new, youthful complexion or **YOUR MONEY BACK!**

IRENE WARE, Dept. 7, 6811 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



Imagine! A New **50c**
Complexion for Only

Brush Away GRAY HAIR



Here is a safe and approved method. With a small brush and BROWNTONE, you tint those streaks or patches of gray, or faded or bleached hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black.

Over twenty-three years success. Don't experiment. BROWNTONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNTONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. Imparts desired shade with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNTONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

REDUCING *has been* MADE SAFE



THERE IS A WAY TO reduce SAFELY—a way that even your doctor WILL RECOMMEND—a method that has No Dinitrophenol—No Irritating Salts—No Dangerous Thyroid. Thousands have used it successfully.

IT IS THE VENUS METHOD

If you are fat, if you want to cut down your weight and trim your figure to today's fashionable, attractive lines—then send TODAY for this FREE BOOK! Read what others have done with the VENUS Method—SAFELY, CHEAPLY and SUCCESSFULLY.

Our records contain thousands of names of men and women all over the United States who have enthusiastically endorsed the Venus Tablets used in the Venus Method. To save time—send \$1.00 for a 17-day supply of Venus Tablets and instructions. Start reducing AT ONCE!

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815 S. Hill Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

REMOVES HAIR

X-BAZIN

CREAM

A HUNDRED YEAR OLD
FRENCH FORMULA

SIMPLY APPLY—WASH OFF

GIANT
TUBE 50¢

SMALLER
TUBE 10¢

DRUG • DEPT. STORES • TEN CENT STORES

SAFELY • QUICKLY • SURELY



ARTIFICIAL

LASHES

BROUGHT TO YOU FOR THE FIRST
TIME AT A REASONABLE PRICE!

The secret of the captivating beauty of movie stars! Long, dark, lustrous lashes that transform eyes into bewitching pools of irresistible fascination. Makes the eyes look larger, more brilliant, and far more expressive. Try a pair of these wonderful lashes and you will be surprised at such magic charm so easily acquired. Quickly put on by anyone, absolutely safe, can be used again and again. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. 35c pair, 3 pair \$1.00.

MITCHELL BEAUTY PRODUCTS, 4162 Washington, St. Louis, Mo.

How Crosby Plays Cupid

(Continued from page thirty)

was terribly jealous and wanted to find out if she really cared for him. We sat down on the swing. Thru the open window came your voice from the radio. The way Harry talked I realized he didn't know anything about Sis. He was in love with his illusion about her. His ideal.

Then I made my gigantic discovery. As we lay back on the swing listening to you croon it came to me suddenly that men love only the illusion which they, themselves, have created. Really love, I mean. Even an ugly girl—if she's not too ugly—can conform to their ideal. I moved closer to Harry. I talked in such a way that he'd understand that I fit into his pattern. In a little while he was holding my hand. It was a beautiful hour. When he left he asked if he might see me again. Was I thrilled!

I'll be an old maid no longer! Fortunately, I made this discovery early enough in life. Next month I'll be seventeen.

With all my grateful heart for your help,

—HAZEL.

Here is a letter which is almost the opposite:

My Dear Bing Crosby:

I'll admit that I'm not one of your fans. I'm just an old-fashioned mother. But my young daughter worships you. Even at the dinner table she won't permit us to talk or make any sound when you're on the air. She always listens with a rapt expression. I've tried to bring her up as a good, wholesome girl. But I've failed. We have terrible scenes occasionally. Even when I forbid her to go out she steals down the back stairs. She seldom comes home before two A. M. She thinks it smart to smoke and drink and neck—I hate that word!

Won't you do me a favor? You have such a tremendous influence on Katherine. And I appeal to you as the father of children of your own. Won't you write a song extolling the old-fashioned virtues? Teaching the younger generation that true happiness comes only from the wholesome things in life? If you do, thousands of parents will be grateful. I know it is silly to lay any blame on you but I'm just an anxious mother.

Your sincere friend,

—MRS. R. E.

The next letter strikes a note of tragic simplicity.

Mr. Bing Crosby:

Maybe you git no letters from men but I gotta wite you to say somethen. I bin sitten here for three days now drinken and listen to you sing on the gramophone and rememberen when Ella was here. I killed four quarts but I cant git drunk. I lose my job to because I dont go back to work but I dont care. Ella says when she left that shed git the divorce when she makes enough money and for me to take care of myself and not to worry. I dont blame her for leaven for shes much better off by herself. I only wish I didnt love her so much. Thats a hellava thing to love a woman so dam much your crazy and still do her no good when your around. But what I mean to write is that Ive put the revolver away. I somehow play your record THANKS on the gramophone and know I feel the same

way to. She give me four years of happiness which I dont deserve I guess. So thanks for all . . . And thanks to you to. You save my life even if it aint much good.

—KARL.

Forgit to say you sing that song dam good. Maybe you know how it is to feel like I do now.

The next letter should not properly be included. It is not the least bit typical. But your commentator found it irresistible. Judge for yourself.

Honorable Bing:

Perceiving my unmentionable debt to you I now little bit repay same. Accept, Honorable Sir, my colossal gratitude. Tenya have little eyes for me when I first make arrival from Japan. She American citizen. Me, she call—cock-eyed dope. Unusual words which I do not understand at time. Soon learn, though. And I experience most dejected sensation. But my heart will not permit dictates of horse sense judgement. Keep using phone in beseechings for date. Her respectable mother intercedes in my besides. We go out. I mutter sweet wordings about moon holding ocean in gentle embrace. Tenya say—Ah nuts. That observation very disturbing. But I persist with my Don Juaning. All time learning more of language and manners uncouth but ardent. One night, we quarrel. I go to hell in approved stulishness and end up in hospital from too abundance of Saki. Tenya and hon. mother come for visit. Parent make flutter with eye as she adjust radio to your commodious voice. She tip-toe out. Tenya and I alone. I recline on pillow with ears imbibing pleasant sensations. Tenya commits hand to my brow. I peer up. I disclose she is thinking most tender thoughts. I do action in this crises. I seize other hand desperately. I implore her to become hon. wife. She smile and answer dreamily—And will you cherish me always like moonlight on the water? I respond—Hell yes. After Justice of Peace enact strange ceremony our lips perform sweet American custom. Very satisfactory. Tank you so much.

Your humble servant,

—SESUE.

A great many letters come to Bing daily, typifying another type of love—mother love. Letters similar to the following are most frequent arrivals:

Dear Mr. Crosby:

Our daughter, Mary, disappeared from her home six months ago, and we haven't been able to locate her.

We are heart-broken and don't know what to do next.

I do know this, though. Wherever Mary is, I know she will be listening to your program on Tuesday night.

Please help us, Mr. Crosby, and tell her over the radio to come home.

—A HEART-BROKEN MOTHER.

But Bing is not permitted, by radio station rulings, to broadcast such personal appeals.

Next time you see him in a movie—and look at Mississippi for proof of what I say—notice how everybody starts holding hands when Bing starts singing. That, friends, is Cupid himself at work!

—DELL HOGARTH.

HOLLYWOOD

Shirley Temple Talks About Her Leading Men

(Continued from page thirty-one)

given a special place in her heart because of his ability and his understanding that little girls *did* like to be amused with pencil and paper.

The suave and polished Adolphe Menjou was her pet for awhile because, quite unexpectedly, he revealed a talent for hide-and-seek; Warner Baxter met her casual approval because he could lift her so-o-o-o high. And now she is adding another conquest to her string in John Boles, who plays opposite her in *Curly Top*.

In each of her leading men, Shirley Temple has mined qualities not given to less perceptive eyes to see. As she grows older she will understand that, and her appraisal of her leading men will not always be in the tangible words of the child.

That Shirley Temple today is infinitely less spoiled, infinitely less self-important than the average child of her years, is a tribute to her leading men, who have amused her and loved her.

—SONIA LEE

Love is Where you Find It!

(Continued from page thirty-two)

is fairly bursting with life and energy.

There is the miracle of the buds in springtime—the romance of the leaves and blossoms. If there is a tree anywhere in our vicinity, if there is a shrub, a bush or a vine—anything that bears leaves—we can fill our souls with the ecstasy of this phenomenon.

The small hard, brown husks beginning to burst and the pale green forcing its way through the loving grasp of the tiny shell till it flutters before us—a miniature leaf, then growing larger, larger and yet larger until the shrub, however small, and the tree, however big, are filled with these beautiful banners of deepening green, waving their welcome to the passerby and preparing for the time when the midday sun is so hot that humanity needs the sheltering arms of the overhanging boughs.

What a miracle! What romance! And in all the myriads and myriads of these leaves there are no two alike! What a stupendous variety of individuality!

If a man really loves nature and the romance which nature expresses, and makes a study of nature he gains one hundred percent upon his investment—a full one hundred percent of satisfaction—without the danger of being on the wrong side of the market and going down in the crash of a panic.

We are in such a hurry these days. We are so occupied with what we are pleased to call the material things of life that we do not study sufficiently the wondrous handicraft of nature that grows up all around us, even in the midst of city life.

We are so absorbed in other matters that we are constantly passing by, without a thought, the very things that should most appeal to us in our search for the sublime the beautiful and the romantic.

To me, there is romance in everything. Romance, really, depends upon your approach to life and every-day living.

JULY, 1935



Write today for this free booklet. Remember that Siroil is offered to you on a "Relief or Money-Back" guarantee basis.

DON'T LET PSORIASIS

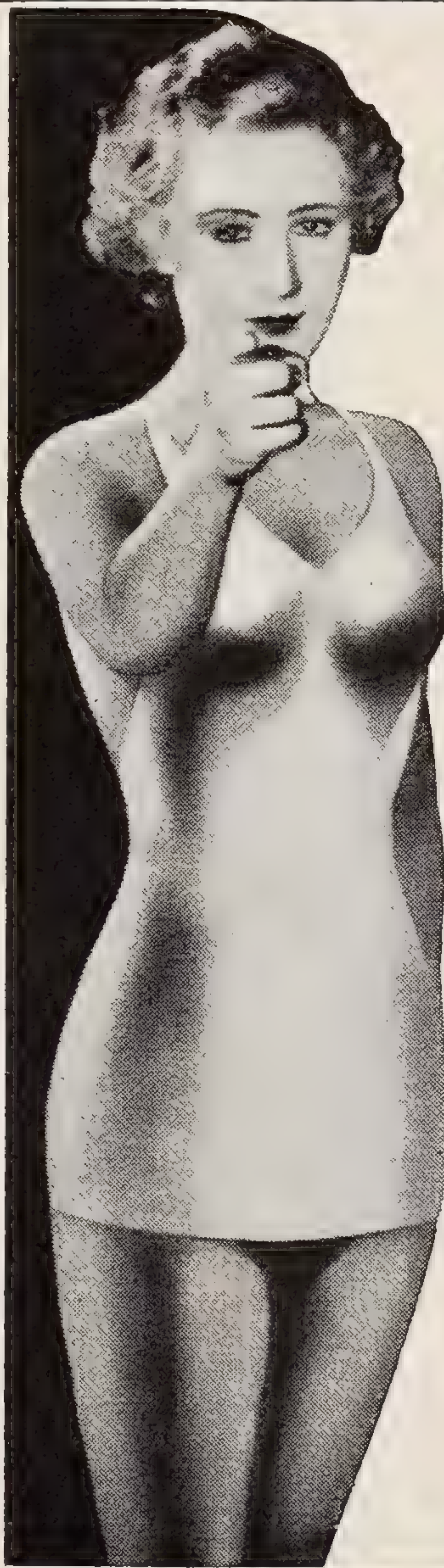
DEPRIVE YOU OF YOUR SUMMER ENJOYMENTS

No longer need you be embarrassed by psoriasis blemishes and deprive yourself of summer bathing. Siroil, the new relief for psoriasis, will solve your problem for you. It has brought relief to thousands of men and women throughout the country. Applied externally to the affected areas it causes the scales to disappear, the red blotches to fade out and the skin to resume its normal texture. Siroil backs with a guarantee the claim that if you do not receive decided benefit within two weeks—and you are the sole judge—your money will be refunded.

If your druggist is unable to supply you write to the Siroil Laboratories direct.

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1214 Griswold St., Dept. F-7, Detroit, Mich.

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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____



ARE YOU "A NICE GIRL, BUT..?"

DO you lack the physical appeal of a beautifully developed form? Does your figure repel instead of attract? Are you so thin and scrawny that you look like a "scarecrow" in a bathing suit or form-fitting dress? Wouldn't you like to fill out those ugly hollows—develop a stunning, shapely figure? Then take advantage of my big, special offer. Try my wonderful new method for yourself.

GIVE ME 10 DAYS TO PROVE I CAN

Develop Your Form

Yes, I want to show you how easily you can round out your form and mould it to fascinating, shapely contours. No drugs! No pills! My new method is natural, pleasant, harmless. Let me send you my wonder-working instructions and special massage cream to use at my risk. Convince yourself that you can gain the gorgeous feminine curves now all the rage. Why deny yourself popularity, romance, love because of physical deficiencies? *I guarantee to increase your attractiveness or no cost!*

TRY My New Easy Way

Just send me your name, address and only \$1.00 and I'll mail my wonderful new Form-Developing Treatment with big container of Cream at once, in a plain wrapper. Try my method 10 days. Then get your dollar back if you are not delighted. Nothing to lose so write me today enclosing special bargain price of only \$1.00.

JOANE MORGAN

Dept. P-7, 6811 Fifth Avenue,
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

READ

"I must write and thank you for the wonderful things you have done for my figure. I had a very poor shape but now I have developed very pretty curves. Also my flesh is much firmer and I look years younger."

"Your method is all you say it is and more. I am delighted with the way you have filled out my figure. Friends have noticed the big improvement and I won't be ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit this summer, thanks to you."

"You have done worlds for my figure. I was formerly so thin and poorly formed. You have really moulded me into a much more attractive woman. Your method is so easy, too."





Why be FAT?

Don't be fat any longer. Get BonKora, the safe, pleasant reducing treatment from your druggist today. Gain back a trim figure to enable you to wear stylish clothes. BonKora helps build health and improves complexion. Also aids digestion, while reducing surplus fat caused by over-eating, faulty elimination or toxic condition.


POSED BY
KAY GRIFFITH
QUEEN of CENTURY OF PROGRESS

TOOK OFF 40 LBS. IN SIX WEEKS

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What I Think About Jean Harlow

(Continued from page twenty-four)

another scene where she had to be soaked. She didn't complain once, though I'm sure it was anything but pleasant for her. And if she didn't have such radiant health, it would take her weeks to break up the resulting cold.

One of the characteristics I have in mind when I say she has a man's attitude is her amazing sincerity. She is always perfectly frank. There is no half-way about her, she treats everyone the same way,—director, producer, or fellow-actor. When we were making *The Secret Six*, Wallace Beery once criticised her for some minor detail of her performance. Without hesitation she flared right back at him. Remember, at the time, her position wasn't nearly so important as his. But he admired her frankness—I believe their friendship dates from that day.

She never keeps things pent up inside herself. She doesn't nourish a grudge. If she has anything to say, she brings it out into the open, and then forgets about it. I like that.

● **LOOKING BACK** on our first picture together, the talks we had will always stand out in my mind. After her success in *Hell's Angels*, she was a step ahead of me on the way to success, yet she never made me feel that it was her picture any more than mine.

Neither of us knew much about the business, and we tried to figure things out together so the rest wouldn't realize how awfully green we really were. I remember Jean would ask me at the end of every scene—"How'm I doing?"

And I asked her the same.

We criticised each other, trying desperately to learn. Nobody else seemed to pay much attention to us. We were not among the chosen few who saw the daily rushes. Every good word Jean heard about me, she would rush to repeat to me. And things that weren't so good, too, because she knew that is one way of progressing.

We used to plan, jokingly, what we wanted if we ever did get to the top. Jean never particularly wanted fame. The lights and the crowds and the glamour of being a star never seemed to mean much to her, even before she had them. She wanted, sincerely, the happiness of knowing she had done a job well.

If you talked to her directors and other fellow-stars, I think you'll find that she feels the same way today.

She was, I remember, terribly afraid of being typed in "vamp" rôles. She was afraid that her part in *Hell's Angels* would mark her forever in the eyes of the fans. *Red Dust* wasn't much better. But she didn't complain.

She is, in my opinion, one of Hollywood's best comédiennes, and I feel that she is right in wanting to do more comedy. Certainly few stars in Hollywood could have equalled her wonderful performance in *Bombshell*. I hope she is given the chance to do more pictures like that.

She is a thoughtful person, considerate of those around her. Every morning she has coffee and doughnuts on the set. Instead of ordering one cup of coffee and a couple of doughnuts sent to her dressing room, she orders a huge pot of coffee

and a couple of dozen doughnuts for the entire company.

Because of little things like this, every extra I've ever talked with adores her. Sometimes they are critical of other stars, who may be, in their eyes, ritzy or up-stage. But Jean stands ace high with all of them.

Having grown out of the extra ranks herself, she has not forgotten her friends and acquaintances among them. Out of every crowd, on our pictures, she will find a familiar face or two. It's always—"Hello, Eddie!"—"Hi, there, Janet!"

● **SHE HAS** boundless enthusiasm—a quality so many people outgrow. In many ways she is like a kid in her pleasure over little things. Just the other day a property boy who had worked with her on *Bombshell* brought her a live rabbit. She couldn't have been more pleased if it had been an expensive gift.

Because they like her, everyone who works with her tries to make things easier for her—even though she isn't a demanding person, and prefers to do things for herself. She has told me of making the dance scene in *Reckless*. She had never danced for the camera and was terribly nervous. She had to do her stuff in front of a hundred or so bit players—all of them chosen for their expert dancing. If they had so much as whispered a word of criticism, she told me, she wouldn't have been able to go through with it. Instead they applauded her, and kept crying out, "That's the stuff, Jean!"—"You've got it now!"

And their enthusiasm meant so much to her that by the third "take" she was dancing like a professional!

It has always been a bond between us that we started at about the same time, and our progress has been more or less parallel. Neither of us can remember "way back to the silent days." We went to the same class in the same school, in other words, and we've been promoted in the same pictures. Of course, in between, we each went separate ways, she with other leading men and I with other leading ladies.

After a picture, we make no effort to keep up our friendship. But when we see each other again, we seem to pick up where we left off, regardless of what has happened to us in the meantime. It's marvellous and rare to have a friend like that. Most friendships are lost unless they are kept alive.

Probably this outburst puts me in the class of her fans. I am. And I think you'll find that everyone who really knows Jean feels just the same way.

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What I Think About Clark Gable

(Continued from page twenty-five)

You think, "Maybe my nose is shiny," or "Does my hair look right?" or "What if my lips aren't on straight?"

With Clark you don't care if your nose is powdered or not, or whether you have on an old pair of slippers. You feel that he likes you because you're a human being. You can be at ease with him, comfortable. This may seem a small point but it's awfully important to me. Or to any woman—I've noticed the same reaction in others. I think it's an important part of Clark's charm.

He's a completely natural person. He does all the little things for a woman that other men do—offers me a light for my cigarette, pulls out a chair for me, and so forth. But so many men have rather an air of preening themselves when they're being gallant. Clark, quite naturally, wants to help you. And his unobtrusive way of offering the small courtesies represents true gallantry. Women must sense this through his screen performances. I believe it's another explanation of his success.

① He is highly considerate. He always seems, for instance, as vitally interested in my problems as in his own. Sometimes when we rehearse I have difficulty with a bit of dialogue. A line won't read in a way that sounds natural to me. Or perhaps it is out of character with the rôle I'm playing. Nine times out of ten Clark will say, "How would it be if Jean read the line like this?" Then he makes a suggestion that solves the problem.

I have the feeling that he is just as anxious for me to give a good performance as to give one himself. For instance, if we're doing a scene which is more important to my rôle than his, he still gives of his best to help me. Even if it's just a business of "feeding" me a line.

He is amusing, humorous. It is difficult to write of jokes and casual conversations—they always sound a bit flat when repeated. Between scenes we often talk of horses. I'm crazy about riding and of course polo is one of Clark's main loves.

He is interested in all sorts of things, and all sorts of people. I believe this is another explanation of his charm. He loves talking to all kinds of men, learning their hopes and ambitions, the way they live. Often he goes over to the extras and chats with them. In our present picture *China Seas*, we have a lot of Oriental extras and Clark enjoys talking to them.

Of course they all think him a "velly nice man!" One of them spent hours whittling away on a bit of wood, making a curiously complicated puzzle which he presented to Clark.

Our sets always have this nice feeling of friendliness between the extras, the bit players, and all the others. It would be difficult to work under any other condition. With everybody, Clark is kindly and understanding. And if he can be so considerate toward these people—who really mean nothing to him—how much more would he be toward a friend!

He is dependable, too—another important quality in friendship. I feel that he

[Continued on page 62]

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What I Think About Clark Gable

(Continued from page sixty-one)

would be big enough to handle any situation with complete ease. He never fusses or frets. He looks clearly at a problem and sees the right thing to do. He seldom argues. Quietly, he thinks things out, and then what he says always has real meaning.

He is, of course, an excellent actor. (And I believe it is an important indication of character when a man excels at his trade, whatever it is.) As a working partner, I couldn't ask for more. He gives so much to each part that I have to keep up with him. He constantly keys me up.

Today, for instance, we did a scene in *China Seas* in which the suspense is terrific. It was a difficult and dramatic bit. Yet Clark was so vibrantly master of the scene that he gave me something to shoot at.

PERSONALLY, He has more stability than many men I have known. You feel this when you talk with him. He seems to know where he stands, and where he is going. He won't change.

Even more important, he has the ability to follow-through. I admire that tremendously. He has made a success and stuck with it, even though there have been times when it wasn't easy.

I have seen him, for instance, work twice as hard for a rôle in which he didn't quite believe as he would have worked for a rôle he really liked. He never quits on the job for any reason. He wouldn't be a fair-weather friend.

There! When your editor suggested that I do this story telling "what I think of Clark Gable," I warned him that it might sound like a Pollyanna yarn. Perhaps I've been too darned complimentary. But anyone who knows me will realize that I couldn't say such things unless I whole-heartedly meant them. And sincerely I think Clark Gable is the grandest guy in the world.

LETTERS PAY

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Watch Topper's Face

(Continued from page thirty-six)

Henry Hull in—



THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON—

(Universal) is the latest contribution to the horror picture fans. This film carries a weird Tibet superstition to London where a series of terrifying events reach a smashing climax. Henry Hull is good in the rôle of a botanist who defies Tibetan warnings in his search for a strange moon

flower. Warner Oland supplies the mystery element in his usual expert fashion. If you take this human wolf stuff seriously, you will shake in your boots with Valerie Hobson, who as the wife of the botanist nearly falls victim to the werewolf. Clark Williams fades from the picture just when you would like to see more of him.

Henry Hull recently closed a long run in Tobacco Road on the Los Angeles stage, terminated his Universal contract. Valerie Hobson, 18 and English, is a promising newcomer from musical comedy. Clark Williams, born in Canada as Lee Crowe, came from the stage to make an instant hit as best of new crop of juveniles.

Will Rogers in—



DOUBTING THOMAS—(Fox) Based upon a stage play by George Kelly, this Will Rogers vehicle does not hit previous top performances largely because Will is forced to overclown. The star is faced with the proposition of discouraging his wife, Billie Burke, from attempting a stage career. He wins his battle, but a good many in the audience won't care. Rogers fans will find the picture satisfying despite the fact that Will is forced to do an imitation of Bing Crosby crooning.

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Why Myrna Loy is a Bachelor Girl

(Continued from page twenty-two)

spent a long afternoon with Myrna in her little hillside house. She came back to the studio, baffled and bewildered.

"We had a great time," she sighed, "Myrna talked and talked. But, when I walked out the front door, I realized that she hadn't told me a thing I didn't know about her. All I really learned from that interview was the recipe for the heavenly rolled sandwiches which we had with tea. And her cook gave me that."

Two of Hollywood's most formidable interviewers tackled her at one time. If one failed to find material for a story, the other surely would, they explained. They descended upon Myrna's studio dressing room with a grim determination in their faces. They came back to my office two hours later with blank eyes and no story.

"She answered our questions," they chorused. "She talked about her work and the studio and music. She even gossiped a little, like any normal woman. But we couldn't find out one thing about her personal life or her own thoughts."

I always smile when people talk about the mystery of Garbo. Compared to Myrna Loy, Garbo's life is an open book. Myrna doesn't publicize her mystery. She doesn't admit it. She denies it.

"I'm not trying to be secretive or mysterious," she told me, "I'm simply scared to death of interviews. I tremble inside and can't think of anything to say. I want to give them interesting stories, but I don't know how to do it."

Myrna may believe that. And she may not. But I know that she's wrong. She can be a most fluent conversationalist—when she chooses. When the discussion is impersonal and general, Myrna talks easily and often brilliantly. But, when it swerves into personal channels, she becomes smilingly silent. Not rudely. Not abruptly. Merely firmly and solidly like a stone wall. You can batter your head against it, as long as you have strength, but it will not break.

Myrna is diabolically clever. Women would be wiser, and perhaps happier, if they would learn her lesson of well-timed silence. One afternoon I watched Myrna turn an experienced newspaper woman from a carefully planned attack against Myrna's private life into a discussion of ancient and modern surgery. They concluded the interview by looking at Myrna's collection of medical books. The woman left without learning the answer to the question which she had come to ask. Are you in love with a certain actor?

All Hollywood knows that Myrna is in love with some one. She has that look of a woman, loved and loving. Everyone seems to know who it is. But everyone mentions a different name. An actor. Another actor. A director. A producer. A business man. A writer. A half dozen others.

After several years of knowing and watching Myrna, I've finally decided that there is nothing really mysterious about her.

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feminine. She is, I honestly believe, the successful and charming spinster of today and tomorrow.

Myrna does what so many other women would like to do, but haven't the courage to try. She disproves the old saying, "Love is to man's life, a thing apart. 'Tis woman's whole existence." Myrna manages to keep her love apart from her professional life. She never mentions love. When she is in the studio, she ignores the life in the hillside house as if it had no existence. Her work is all-important then. She loves it. Probably, away from the studio, her other life becomes all-important. I don't know. No one does, except the mysterious few who share it with her. Myrna kills all scandal because she gives it no meat upon which to feed.

● **ONCE** A well-meaning young press agent, searching for his quota of paragraphs for the daily newspaper columns, wrote that when Myrna was suddenly called for work one night, she asked her maid to phone two men to break her engagements with them. A newspaper printed the little item. Myrna was courteously but vigorously upset about it. In the first place, it was untrue. The young man had thought that he was enchancing Myrna's romantic popularity. In the second place, it was an intrusion upon that other life away from the studio. If Myrna had other reasons for her displeasure, she didn't mention them. But you and I know that, if there is one man of importance to her, and there must be, he would not like the public mention of another.

One day I went to Myrna's home for luncheon. She had just returned from a vacation. No one knew where she had been, but we supposed the desert. It was winter and Myrna loves the sun. She was living at that time in a house in Brentwood, which she had rented, furnished. The house was set far back from the quiet street and presented a blind, white stucco front to passers-by. But the living room windows opened onto a wide terrace and a walled garden, set high on a bluff, where Myrna could lie in the sun and see, without being seen.

I asked her about her vacation and she laughed, that low, rippling Loy laugh, which crinkles her slanting eyes.

"I've been right here at home all the time," she giggled, "Hiding out in my own house. Only three people, except the servants knew where I was."

She didn't tell me who the three people were. I wanted to ask. But I didn't.

We had fried chicken and hot biscuits on a card table before the blazing fire in the living room, while the noontime sunshine poured in through the open windows. There is nothing anemic about Myrna's appetite. She enjoys her food with a healthy gusto, born of her Montana childhood, when she was a skinny, little girl with carrotty braids pulled back tightly from her freckled face. That is Myrna's own description of her younger tomboy self.

I had gone to that luncheon, determined to break through the barrier of Myrna's silence. I learned just three things. She was in love, quietly, glintingly in love. She hoped, of course, to marry some day. She had never been in New York.

A few weeks later I talked to Myrna in a Hollywood apartment. She had left the Brentwood house when its owners returned. She hated the apartment. She felt as if she were living in a gold fish bowl. Her neighbors could see and know

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JULY, 1935

everything which she did. She could see and hear them. She couldn't play her favorite records after midnight and Myrna loves music in the wee, small hours. The apartment house was a fashionable one, filled with people from the various studios. It brought her two lives too close together.

So Myrna found another house with complete seclusion for a modern spinster who wants to live her own life in her own way. It was set far back in a high-walled canyon. Myrna left the owner's name on the mail box at the edge of the street.

Until two years ago Myrna lived with her mother, her younger brother and an aunt. Then her mother went to Europe and Myrna moved into a home of her own. She settled down to a new order of living. When her mother returned, Myrna continued to live alone. That was a part of the freedom which Myrna had learned to demand and to achieve. She sees her family several times a week.

A few months ago Hollywood thought that, at last, it had glimpsed the Myrna behind the mask. She was in love with Ramón Novarro and the romance was not veiled in secrecy. They played together in *The Barbarian* and, when the picture was finished, they went here and there together. Ramón departed for a European concert tour and Myrna moved into his home during his absence. Everyone, who could reach Myrna, asked the same question, "Are you going to marry Ramón when he returns?" And everyone received the same answer, a puzzling, enigmatic smile. Myrna neither affirmed nor denied the rumors of serious romance.

● Ramón returned. Myrna did not meet him at the station. But Ramón went to her home—she had, of course, moved from his house—as soon as he had greeted his family. They dined together frequently. Myrna talked freely of her friendship and admiration for Ramón. "He is a constant source of amazement to me," she said, "You never know what Ramón you will find. Sometimes he is a silly, crazy, charming boy. Again he is a mature, thoughtful, almost melancholy man. He is one of my closest friends." The rumors of romance died because there was nothing to nourish them. They were replaced by whispers that the Novarro romance was merely a part of the Loy mask. Myrna is the only one who knows the truth.

Myrna's studio dressing room suite, two rooms and a shower, is at the end of the second story of the long frame building which houses the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer players. At the opposite end of the narrow balcony are the quarters of Greta Garbo, the other and more publicized Sphinx. But the greater of the two, I believe, is Myrna. Because her sphinxness is cloaked in a smiling friendliness and a healthy American appearance of frank candor.

Myrna has given up her dancing and sculpture, the two careers which she planned before Rudolph Valentino and his wife discovered her and introduced her to motion pictures. Myrna reads constantly and knows more about medical science than the average layman. She liked working in *Men in White*, because hospitals and doctors' offices fascinate her.

I have known Myrna for several years. I've talked to her hours on end, lunched with her, teared with her, worked with her. She isn't a mystery. She is a young woman who has the courage of her convictions. But, still, sometimes I wonder—

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Star Gazing in Hollywood

IT ISN'T every day you can witness the birth of a new star. Yet that very thing is happening at Metro.

Her name is Luise Rainer, and she is making her first motion picture. How, then, can one say that here is a future star of the films? After all, no one can predict the unpredictable!

That's all true enough. The fact remains that Luise Rainer will, before very long, be a new star, adored, popular, her name a byword, her face as familiar as your own neighbor's. A strange thing to contemplate, all that! And at first blush, a very brash prediction to make by a mere mortal.

But come along; we'll try to convince you that this is no Hollywood hokey. Right now she's lunching in that teeming, noisy, cramped cafe on the studio lot. She's a wisp of a girl, really. Look at that windblown hair, those bewitched black eyes, the—well, the rest of her. It's all there, and very good, what? Let's say hello; might as well meet her now.

Her small hand has an iron grip, her eyes are filled with lurking devils. She speaks, for a girl fresh from Vienna, rather good English. Only two months has she been here and Hollywood has not touched her in the slightest. Today she got another ticket for speeding, but "ach," she has no use for those funny pieces of paper. "I hand them back to him. I say, 'Luise she don't want. You keep for her, what?' And he take it back." She rides that small roadster like a winged demon.

● WE'LL follow her onto the set. Her first picture! And what's this—William Powell and Luise Rainer in "Masquerade." How did this astonishing little thing draw M-G-M's ace star? We hear the story presently; Myrna Loy had worked two weeks in the picture and withdrew. So Mr. Mayer put Luise in her place.

It does seem incredible. But they will show you why. Some phone calls, and the Rainer (pronounced Ryner) screen test is ready to be shown. As we sit in the dark, tiny projection room we feel as if we are indeed eavesdropping on a secret confab of the three Fates. That piquant face swims into the scene; enchantment enters the stuffy little room suddenly filled with a voice of indescribable beauty. How exquisite that cameo face, so carelessly lovely! Yet she could be ugly, and one would forget. For no one needs to whisper

that this is to be one of the great actresses in pictures.

Stumbling out into the glare of day again, it is not the sun that blinds. It is the shocking force of a discovery. Now you know the thrill of a powerful producer who has reached out, across unknown leagues, to touch the shoulder of an unknown and nominate her for fame and wealth.

Quite naturally, you suddenly think of Garbo. And what happened to her. What will happen to this little Luise? Will she be frightened into hoarding her private life like a miser? And then you chuckle; how different her present stills will look when Hollywood artistry has taken her in hand! You remember those first pictures of Garbo, in her checkered suit, and smile again.

Nominated for Fame!



You may be the first to learn that Luise Rainer has the inner circle of Hollywood producers firm in the belief that she will be the great discovery of 1935. See for yourself when "Masquerade" comes to town

● WHO IS this child of destiny? Why grow so excited over a complete unknown? Because, for one thing, we want you to know before any one else can tell you, that you witnessed the birth of a star. That you may experience that tingle of discovery. Luise is 22. Her father lived for many years in the United States, becoming a naturalized citizen, and then returned to his native land to set up as a merchant in Dusseldorf. Her mother, Emy Rainer, had never set foot behind the scenes of a theatre. Certainly no theatrical blood in that parentage!

At sixteen, poverty forced Luise to consider a job. She applied for an audition at the Luise Dumont theatre in Dusseldorf, and was promptly hugged to the bosom of Fraulein Dumont herself. Max Reinhardt placed her in mature roles in Vienna. Within a few years she was acclaimed in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, everywhere.

And now she is here.

Her active feet beat a tattoo on the threshold of stardom. What will happen to her? Somehow, that question is a little frightening, as if already one had peered too closely into the secrets of the future.

Jack Smalling

Managing Editor of HOLLYWOOD

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